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RT. HON. W. L. MACKENZIE KING

The End of the King Era

Frank H. Underhill

POLITICAL HISTORIANS of the future will refer to the last twenty-five years as the King era, just as we now speak of the Macdonald and Laurier eras. And as time goes on, they will point more and more to features in the statesmanship of Mr. King that resemble the statesmanship of the two earlier national leaders. The essential task of Canadian statesmanship is to discover the terms on which as many as possible of the significant interest-groups of our country can be induced to work together in a common policy. It is to make them conscious of what they have in common rather than of what divides them. No one can deny, now that he is retiring, that Mr. King has been the only political leader of the last generation who has understood in its full implications the nature of this, the fundamental responsibility of Canadian leadership. So he will go down in our history in the select company of Macdonald and Laurier, while his contemporaries and rivals fall back into the comparative obscurity of sectionalists and particularists.

In the long run of history it will not matter much that he never won the passionate personal devotion of his followers and associates, as Macdonald and Laurier did of theirs. Whatever they may have said of him individually, when they tried to give articulate expression to their feelings, the majority of the Canadian people have instinctively recognized that Mr. King is the leader who divides us least, and they have voted accordingly.

This seems to be the furthest point of growth that the Canadian national spirit was capable of reaching in our day. At such a phase in its history nationalism is not a very exhilarating phenomenon. Canadians who demand more stirring emotions in their politics have attached themselves to other isms. But since a united nation of some sort is the

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THE END OF THE KING ERA (Continued from front page)

necessary framework within which all these other isms must be realized, we have all of us, however qualified our enthusiasm, acquiesced more or less willingly in the fact that Mr. King for twenty-years should be at the head of His Majesty's Government. His statesmanship has been a more subtly accurate, a more flexibly adjustable Gallup poll of Canadian public opinion than statisticians will ever be able to devise. He has been the representative Canadian, the typical Canadian, the essential Canadian, the ideal Canadian, the Canadian as he exists in the mind of God.

Two specific achievements will always be associated with Mr. King's name. He brought us out of Dominion Status, the half-way house in which Laurier and Borden had left us; and we face the 1950's as an independent nation, making our own policy, prepared to undertake the responsibilities of an adult people in world politics. He carried us through the strain of a second world war without precipitating an irreconcilable split between French and English Canadians; he avoided the kind of mistakes which, repeated in the 1940's, would have had more fatal consequences than they had in 1917.

Laurier defeated the earlier efforts of British imperialists to construct a British Empire holding-company with a single foreign policy directed from London. Mr. King's long period of office has given him the opportunity of leading us to the goal toward which Laurier's policy pointed, of an independent Canada within a British Commonwealth which is no longer an exclusive association, which has no central organs for making military or economic policy, and which tends more and more to merge itself into the larger more comprehensive Atlantic Community that is developing under our eyes. Mr. King has always been aware that no form of international organization could meet Canada's needs in which the United States is not a full partner. In peace and in war he has remained firm in this understanding of the realities of our situation. And now today this Atlantic

Community under American leadership provides the solution for the difficulties of both the older British Commonwealth and the newer West European Union.

Canada has been able to play a significant part in these recent developments because during the King era we have been gradually equipped with a well-staffed Department of External Affairs. We can now participate in the hard day-to-day practice of international diplomacy. Before we had a diplomatic service of our own, most of the talk of the Laurier and Borden days about our equality of status with Britain was largely in the nature of rhetorical flourish. We have not solved all our practical problems by any means. Evidently there are elements in the British Foreign Office who still labor under the delusion that it is the function of Downing Street to provide the policy and the function of Canada to provide the transport planes; and there are still a few colonial Canadians who agree with them. But these are mere vestigial survivals.

Also it should be remarked that the usefulness of Mr. King's clear-cut conception of the nature of the British Commonwealth has been weakened in recent years by his going soft over the Monarchy, at the very time when the Commonwealth is expanding to include members such as India and Pakistan for whom the Monarchy will never mean what it means to us sentimental Canadians.

However his essential achievement remains. He has led us irrevocably past the stage at which it was possible to think of Canada as a junior partner in some Britannic firm. And he has assisted us to some of his own understanding that neither Canada nor Britain can get along in the twentieth-century world except in close co-operation with the United States. His successors will still have plenty to do in emancipating us from our inherited anti-American phobias. One of Mr. King's incidental successes is that he has brought us through a couple of decades without an outbreak of the fever of 1891 and 1911. If we can get through another twenty or thirty years without some impassioned patriots winning a general election by saving us from the United States, this will afford the ultimate proof that we have at last grown up.

One of the fashionable criticisms in academic circles of Mr. King's external policy is that it was isolationist in the 1920's and 1930's, and therefore adolescent and irresponsible. This is to miss the essential conditions under which Canadian policy is carried on. In the inter-war decades we were isolationist in the same way that Great Britain and the United States were. We refused commitments in a collective-security system just as they did. At present we have committed ourselves to far-reaching actions in world politics just as the British and American peoples have done. If the world comes to show signs of a little more stability, the Canadian people, like the British and Americans, will become more absorbed in their own local concerns. In whatever direction we move, it will be along lines already being traced out by British and American policy.

(Part II of this article will appear in the September issue.)


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Stalin's Bad Boy

The denunciation of Marshal Tito by the Cominform is the first concrete evidence that all is not well behind the Iron Curtain. For some time it had been expected that the Molotov policy of stimulating conformity to Moscow by holding out the bait of national acquisitions to the satellite states would collapse because of its inherent contradictions. The Nazis used the same technique in the Balkans and gathered a collection of extremely unreliable allies. So with Russia. Tito was plainly discontented with an alliance which gave a minimum of economic assistance and provided only the spiritual consolation of belonging to an expanding Slavic brotherhood. He rebelled, but others, like Dimitrov (erstwhile proponent of a Balkan federation), took flight, uttering loud protestations on their own doctrinal purity. But Tito, whatever his future prospects, is in a stronger position, and not only geographically. He had completed his own local purge some time ago, and has the advantage of a supply of arms acquired during his inglorious partisan period. Reports of his assassination are without foundation (he controls the ministry of the interior), but Trotsky did eventually die under an ice pick.

What is the significance of the incident? Is it a trick? Is Tito a Trojan horse? Does Tito want to receive E.R.P. help, as his recent large request to the World Bank would suggest? It seems rather that this is a doctrinal rift, a family tiff. The old Comintern often had a policy which diverged from the official Russian foreign policy. So with the new Cominform. And here lies the importance, regardless of the name-calling, and accusations of Trotskyism. The Cominform is an instrument of Zhdanov, who is anxious to discredit the foreign policy of Molotov. Stalin's health is failing and the succession problem is urgent. The Yugoslav crisis would appear merely to reflect the jockeying for position among the big contenders in Moscow. Certainly we have nothing to hope from Tito, and it would be the height of un wisdom to court him now; the strictly "hands-off" policy of Britain is the right one, and exultation over the split in the Russian imperium, while understandable, is premature.

"Who Controls the Heartland..."

The Russian attempt to blockade the western area of Berlin, and thus threaten with starvation 2,400,000 people, is one of the most alarming developments of the struggle for Europe, and, should it succeed, will lead to a kind of unpleasantness for which the mass of people are totally unprepared. The "technical difficulties" in transport are a grim joke to the Berliners, who know the truth about this matter. The siege is a cool attempt to squeeze out the western garrisons and bring quadrupartite control to an end. The agreement to administer Berlin jointly, concluded at Potsdam, was of course the last fatuous move in a series of naive acts of faith in Russian goodwill, which began at Teheran and Yalta, and it was a grave strategic blunder. But something must now be done; the gradual but persistent Russian attempts to wear down western authority have now reached the critical point. The "air-lift" is a demonstration of efficiency, but it is undignified, and cannot go on forever. Still, it is by no means certain that the Russians will yield

in spite of the strong terms of the notes to the Kremlin. The stakes are high, and at a time when there is internal trouble at home and a decline in Communist party fortunes abroad (Italy, France, Yugoslavia, Finland), at a time when E.R.P. is succeeding in spite of Molotov's efforts to wreck it, the Russians plainly feel the need of scoring a decisive victory to offset the rise of American prestige in Europe. The situation is filled with explosive material, and the slightest mistake may lead to hostilities. Each side is convinced that the other is unwilling to fight, and even if a temporary *modus vivendi* is discovered one can only expect repetitions of crises in the future. Whatever the developments, the western powers must be prepared to act with firmness.

Thomas E. and Harry S.

The renomination of Thomas E. Dewey as the Republican candidate for the president, and the apparently certain selection by the Democrats of Harry S. Truman as his major campaign rival, set the stage for the most meaningless election in the United States since the beginning of the Roosevelt era. The convention victories of Dewey and Truman represent triumphs of old fashioned machine politics over the will of the voters of each party. Dewey, who was defeated for the presidency in 1944, was repudiated by the Republican voters in the Pennsylvania, Nebraska, and Wisconsin primaries. His only major pre-convention victory was in Oregon where he defeated Harold Stassen by the slim margin of 6,000 votes. By all rules of democratic politics, Dewey should have been eliminated from the race, but the bigwigs of Republican politics were not prepared to see a good machine supporter lose to a party insurgent like Stassen.

On the Democratic side, a similar pattern of events occurred. Truman in his three years of office had succeeded in antagonizing almost every major wing of the party. The Southerners oppose him for his advocacy of a strong civil rights program for Negroes. Labor dislikes his repeated breaking of national strikes by threats of a labor draft, and government seizure of strikebound railways and coal mines. The New Deal liberals resent his abrupt dismissal of all their leaders from the government. These diverse elements of the Democratic Party recognized that they needed another Roosevelt or they were certain to go down to defeat. The anti-Truman campaign bogged down, however, before the power of Presidential patronage. Truman insisted on running, and was able to carry his point by his power over federal job-holders.

The American people are therefore faced with a choice between two conservative, colorless, machine politicians who are not the choice of their party's supporters. It is hard to see how any one can work up any enthusiasm over which of these politicians holds office in Washington in January. The situation would seem ripe for the long-awaited "third party" in the United States, but in this area things are worse than ever. The unnamed Wallace Party is a pure Communist front and as such can claim no support from real progressives.

The election situation may have fortunate consequences, however, if it awakens the non-Communist left in the United

States to the need of creating an effective alternative to the two old parties and the Communists. The U.S. has matured in many ways in recent years as it has become the leading world power. We can only hope that with international maturity will come some real understanding of the basic economic and political issues which are agitating the peoples of the world, and that the States too will develop a party advocating an economic democracy.

Town Planning in Britain

The Labor party in Great Britain has launched its greatest experiment in economic control, for the Town and Country Planning Act became law on July 1. Under the Act all development and building will come under the jurisdiction of county and borough councils. Compensation to present landowners for loss of right to develop their own land is provided out of a fund of £300,000,000, and in future, landowners will have to pay a development charge, if permission to build is granted. The unregulated and anarchic building of the nineteenth century is thankfully now at an end, and Britain can hope for cities which are free of inadequate housing in recklessly undesigned and industrial areas. Moreover, the Act provides an opportunity for the intelligent and ordered rebuilding of blitzed cities.

The Act obviously places a great deal of power in and a great deal of responsibility on the local boards. The basic assumption is that public planning of the use of land will be generally farsighted and beneficent where in the past private development was often harmful and anti-social. On the purely economic side, the Act pits itself against the notorious susceptibility of land values to booms and depressions. In other words, the success of the scheme is geared to the national economy, and its full implementation will depend, as the minister himself, Mr. Silkin, has admitted, on the success of Britain's production program.

Full Production

Headed by an economist, the royal commission on everyday prices, which succeeds the parliamentary committee on the same, is likely to discover that Canada's farms are producing only about half the food that they could reasonably and easily produce. Mixed farming in eastern Canada produces poor wages and no return on capital. Ontario farms often sell for less than the cost of building the brick farm house. The result is a shortage of farm labor, and half-hearted production—even at a time of "full production" in industry. This situation is in contrast with the American scene, where good market prices are driving the farms at capacity, or with the British scene, where the government's cost-plus "forward prices" are producing food miracles.

Any suggestion of higher food prices arouses fear of that "inflation spiral," but fundamentally the production of more food, however it may be brought about, is deflationary. That is so even though the additional food produced goes to the United States in return for U.S. dollars, for import restrictions are putting up the cost of clothing and many household necessities. More production of almost any goods needed in the domestic or United States markets is anti-inflationary, but this is most true of the production of an industry like agriculture whose existing plant is capable of expanded production. Some other industries, as the minister of finance and Bank of Canada officers have said, are straining the country's resources with their unprecedented capital expansion and importation of machinery from the United States. Canada could increase farm production

quickly to capitalize on the present attractive U.S. prices, and it is therefore probably shortsighted to try to control Canadian food prices by means of farm export bans. It would seem wiser to let Canadian farm prices go up, and to use subsidies, as Britain does, to lighten the consumer's load. Increased farm production will improve the basic position of all Canadians.

Provincial Elections

If there is any generalization which can be applied to the conflicting results of the two recent provincial elections in Canada it is this: the Progressive-Conservative party has very little to congratulate itself about. It had already lost ground in Ontario in June; in New Brunswick it commanded only 31 per cent of the poll as compared with 40 per cent in 1944 and 45 per cent in 1939. In Saskatchewan the Conservatives made no gains, and even their fusion in some cases with the Liberals produced no notable result. The Liberals gained seats both in Saskatchewan and New Brunswick.

The result in Saskatchewan, which still leaves Premier Douglas with a substantial majority, does in fact constitute a general approval of the party's legislation. An analysis of the election results in Ontario, Saskatchewan and New Brunswick does reveal, however, that CCF [Co-operative Commonwealth Federation] support is coming increasingly from the urban areas, and there is a slipping of support in rural ridings. The conduct of the election in Ontario was an admission of this tendency. It would therefore appear desirable for the CCF to reconsider the problem of rural support, for no party can expect national endorsement in Canada without a successful appeal to the country as well as to the towns. Similarly, the Conservatives must mend their urban labor fences if they wish to survive as a national party.

P. E. I. Distinction

The dominion government has disallowed one hundred and twelve provincial acts since Confederation. These have included acts of every province except Prince Edward Island. This is a distinction of which the dominion government might deprive the island legislature properly at the present time. The recently passed Trade Union Act outlaws, on the Island, all national and international unions (except railway unions). It gives the provincial secretary arbitrary power to prohibit the existence of unions. Authorities on constitutional law say that the act is both unconstitutional (in the British rather than the U.S. sense of the word)—for instance, it interferes with the traditional right of British citizens to freedom of assembly—and *ultra vires* of the provincial legislature (or unconstitutional in the U.S. sense). The labor unions of the province might secure a decision that the law is *ultra vires*, at great expense and inconvenience, by deliberately violating the law, or the dominion government might secure a ruling by means of a reference to the supreme court of Canada. Or, even more simply, the dominion government might disallow the act and save the Prince Edward Island legislature embarrassment.

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Good Neighbors

The young couple about to wed have been more conscious of the 25 per cent tax on engagement and wedding rings than of the multitude of customs duties which make the establishment of a household an expensive matter. The special 25 per cent tax on matrimony is a part of Canada's import quota program—the new protection, the new national policy—and people are more conscious of the new embarrassments to the family budget, imposed in the name of U.S. dollar shortage, than of the old customs duties embarrassments imposed in the name of protection, prosperity and patriotism. It is interesting to speculate whether the latter may have led to the former. The bristling tariff fortifications between the United States and Canada, so long accepted as an accompaniment of good neighborliness, may have contributed to the dollar shortage and the new import quotas.

Mr. Donald Gordon, deputy governor of the Bank of Canada, raised the question in an address at Baltimore. Mr. Gordon said that Canada in 1947 purchased two billion dollars worth of goods from the United States, whereas the United States purchased only one billion dollars worth of goods from Canada. Mr. Gordon remarked: "If trade barriers are in any way responsible for such a wide contrast, then I think reasonable men would agree that the structure is no longer appropriate."

Union of Nurses

The Canadian Nurses Association, meeting recently in Sackville, N.B., has gone strongly on record in favor of collective bargaining. This action points the way in the foreseeable future to unionization. No doubt there will be the usual objection by some within the profession itself who will fight it on the old ground of "preserving their professional status," and there will be those among the public who will say that those professions whose work lies in fields of human mercy should think largely of their work and only briefly, if at all, of their cheque and working conditions. This of course only means that their prime purpose in life should be to serve, rather than to eat and live like other people. But such nonsense belongs to the past. It has been amply proved that Canadians are not a community of selfless people, but a community of people who are willing to serve society, providing the tangible returns are relatively worthwhile.

The hard fact of the matter is that there are not enough nurses to maintain a minimum health standard in Canada today. Part of the reason for this lies in the fact that the profession at the moment is not sufficiently attractive, and we believe never will be until the nurses themselves as an organized experienced body are prepared to lay down their own conditions of work.

Thumbprints

The Canadian government has again refused Canadian Indians the right to vote. The arguments against granting them the franchise are without validity in a political democracy. Canadians would, with unanimous voice, reject the idea of the voting privilege being extended or withheld on the basis of intelligence, learning, religious belief or property qualifications, and rightly so. Voluble discussion by the house elections committee on this subject, which has been promised by the government for next year, is quite an un-

necessary waste of time. The Indians of Canada should have had the right to vote long ago, and every delay only adds to a disgraceful record of injustice to the native population. It is gratifying to note that the same government did, however, see fit to extend the franchise to all Canadians of Japanese origin. In view of the attitude toward the Indian population one can hardly suppose the decision has any ethical basis.

* * *

Rumor has it that the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh may visit Canada next year. It has also been rumored that the King and Queen might reside for part of the year in Canada. These rumors are coupled with the announcement that Ottawa, Canada's capital, is to have \$2,500,000 for beautification purposes. If, by chance, some of Ottawa's slums get cleaned up in the process, royal visits may prove a godsend, and one wonders whether or not royalty might be persuaded to spend some time in all our large urban centres, in the hope that the Canadian government would stir itself to a mighty slum clearance effort, to obviate the possibility of offending the sensitive royal eye.

* * *

The British Columbia Legislature held a three day special sitting early in July to plan for rehabilitation of flood victims and flood areas. While the Federal Government assessed the Fraser Valley flood as a "national disaster," and therefore promised aid, the other flood areas in B.C. will be purely a provincial responsibility. For renewal of the dykes in the Fraser Valley the Federal Government will pay 75 per cent of the cost, and the Provincial Government 25 per cent. A strange coincidence has been noted in some quarters that Dr. Huette Massue of the Shawinigan Power Co. happened to give an address on flood control and power development at the height of the Fraser River flood. Dr. Massue warned that, while the Government should undertake the cost of flood control, it should not be allowed to embark on the generation of electric power, which was better left to private enterprise.



Labor Strife at Lake St. John

W. E. Greening

► THE LAKE ST. JOHN REGION is one of the most isolated of the populated sections of the province of Quebec. Most of its inhabitants, who are one hundred per cent Catholic and French-speaking, have had little contact with the outside world. The power of the Catholic clergy over the local population is very strong. To them the figure of a parish priest is still surrounded with a kind of supernatural aura. Since the entry of modern industry, this region has been a battleground between traditional and modern ideas and ways of life.

This conflict has been particularly marked in the field of labor organization. One of the first Catholic syndicates in Canada was founded among the pulp and paper mill workers in Chicoutimi in 1907, and the local clergy have always shown a strong hostility toward the spread of international unions affiliated with the AF of L and the CIO among the paper mill workers and among the employees of the giant aluminium plant at Arvida.

The International Brotherhood of Paper Makers (an AF of L Trades and Labor Congress affiliate) first began to organize in this region in the nineteen thirties and met with very considerable opposition from the employers and from the clergy. Union organizers were beaten up and told to get out of the district. In spite of such opposition, by the beginning of the war this union had managed to establish locals in the mills at Dolbeau, Kenogami, River Bend and Jonquiere. During the winter of 1943, the clergy conducted a particularly violent campaign in support of the National Catholic Federation of Paper Makers in an effort to drive the international unions out of this district. *L'Action Catholique*, the influential Quebec City daily, ran a series of editorials condemning international unions as communist and foreign-dominated organizations that were seeking to corrupt and lead astray the French-Canadian worker. This campaign met with a certain amount of success. Each of these paper mills has two sections—the paper-making section and the pulp and sulphite section. In the spring of 1943 the National Catholic Federation of Paper Makers, with the aid of the clergy, succeeded in ousting the international organization and in getting themselves recognized as the bargaining agent of the workers in the pulp and sulphite sections of the mills at Kenogami and River Bend. The International Brotherhood of Paper Makers, however, succeeded in retaining their agreements in the paper-making sections of these mills and in both sections of the mills at Dolbeau.

During the past few months this conflict has flared up again with greatly increased intensity. The yearly agreements between the companies and the unions are usually renegotiated in the spring. The local clergy have been conducting an all-out campaign against the International Brotherhood of Paper Makers with the aim of driving it out of the whole Lake St. John region. The curé of Dolbeau has been especially active in this campaign. He has enlisted in his support, Abbé J. Lockwell of Donnacona, the chaplain of the National Catholic Federation of Paper Makers. Donnacona is a small paper-mill town near Quebec City, where a similar campaign against the International Brotherhood of Paper Makers was successful several years ago. On Sunday, February 20, 1948, the curé of Donnacona and the curé of Dolbeau addressed the people of Dolbeau at a public meeting. The curé of Donnacona attacked the International Brotherhood of Paper Makers as a communist organization

and as an agency of freemasonry and said that its entrance into the Lake St. John region was a violation of the civil rights of the French-Canadians. The curé of Dolbeau called upon the local Catholic organizations, such as the Knights of Columbus, to rid Dolbeau of this plague and said that the plan of the National Catholic Federation of Paper Makers was to put pressure upon the local mill workers, who would resign from the international union in a bloc.

On Sunday, March 7, 1948, the curé of Dolbeau preached a sermon similar in tone to the remarks of two weeks before. He attacked international unions as godless and atheistical organizations and the union officials as instruments of Satan. He hinted that it would be a good idea if the local representative of the International Brotherhood of Paper Makers were to take the next train out of the district for Quebec City.

The curé of Dolbeau made successful efforts to get the town officials of Dolbeau behind him in this campaign. On March 8, 1948, the town council of Dolbeau passed a resolution supporting the Catholic union and attacking the International Brotherhood of Paper Makers as communistic and subversive. The resolution stated that the town council of Dolbeau believed that it was their duty to intervene with the company officials in order to give employees of the mill the freedom to join the unions of their choice. It is interesting to note that a few days later the officials of the St. Lawrence Paper Company, who own the mill at Dolbeau, sent a letter to the Dolbeau town council in which they said, in no uncertain terms, that these officials were meddling in affairs which were completely outside of their jurisdiction and that it was of no concern to the company whether it negotiated with a Catholic or an international organization.

Two weeks later the higher clergy entered the fray. The bishop of Chicoutimi and Three Rivers issued pastoral letters supporting strongly the idea of labor organization along purely confessional and nationalist lines. The tone of these publications may be judged from the following extract from the pastoral letter of the bishop of Chicoutimi:

"They [the French-Canadian workers] have understood the economic, social and political inconveniences of this humiliating colonialism which allows foreign unions to direct the working-class of Canada. They have rejected a false internationalism and have chosen a national and (French) Canadian union for French-Canadian workers." The pastoral letter of the Bishop of Three Rivers struck a similar nationalist note.

At the beginning of April the National Catholic Federation of Paper Makers appealed to the Quebec provincial labor board for certification as the bargaining agent for all the workers in the mills at Dolbeau, River Bend, Kenogami and Jonquiere, claiming that they had the support and membership of the majority of the workers in all of these mills. The International Brotherhood of Paper Makers has vigorously contested these claims, asserting that the signatures of the workers supporting the Catholic organization have been extorted from them by clerical pressure. The Quebec labor board has ordered votes to be taken in the mills at Dolbeau and River Bend and the outcome of the conflict still remains in doubt. If the clergy are successful in eliminating the international unions from the Lake St. John region, it will be the signal for further campaigns in support of the Catholic syndicates in sections of the province where the international unions are stronger and workers more educated and less cut off from contact with the modern world.

This conflict has a good deal more than merely local significance since at the present time there is much division and dispute in the higher ranks of Quebec clergy over the whole question of clerical support of labor organization

along confessional and nationalist lines. The nationalist group believes that the French-Canadian workers should be kept isolated from their fellow workers in English-speaking Canada and in the United States at all costs. But in spite of strong clerical backing which has gone on for over three decades, the record of the Canadian and Catholic Federation of Labor in organizing the workers of the province of Quebec and in getting them better working conditions has not been an impressive one. According to the annual report for Trade Union Organization in Canada for the year 1946, the syndicates had a total of 62,000 members in the province as against 146,000 for the unions affiliated with the Canadian Congress of Labor and the Trades and Labor Congress. This means that well less than one half of the union members in the province were in unions affiliated with the Catholic Federation. Indeed the striking progress which the international unions have made in Quebec in the past few years largely accounts for the violence of the present clerical campaign. Under these circumstances some members of the higher clergy have begun to wonder if the continuance of this direct clerical interference in labor matters will not eventually drive the French-Canadian workers toward anticlerical communism, as in parts of Spain and Italy. They believe that the syndicates should drop their extreme nationalist propaganda and become more like the international organizations in their makeup and aims. A triumph for this school of thought has been the establishment of the new school of labor relations at the University of Montreal under the patronage of Joseph Charbonneau, the Archbishop of Montreal. All the labor groups in the province—the Canadian Congress of Labor, the Trades and Labor Congress and the Canadian and Catholic Federation of Labor—are supporting this new organization, which aims at the training and education both of union officials and union members. If it is conducted in the right manner it should be a powerful influence for bringing the workers of different races, religions and political creeds in the province closer together and for increasing their knowledge of the conditions and aims of the labor movement in English-speaking Canada, in the United States and in other parts of the world.

This is a matter of extreme importance to labor groups in other parts of Canada. Quebec is now second in the number of union members among the nine provinces of Canada. As the industrialization of French Canada speeds up, the position of Quebec in the Canadian labor movement will become pivotal. If the campaign of nationalism and reaction waged by the narrow groups among the clergy and the Union Nationale government is successful, the cause of organized labor and of freedom of organization will suffer not only in the province of Quebec but all over Canada.

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Democracy Dawns in Venezuela

Robert J. Alexander

► ROMULO GALLEGOS became the first popularly elected president of Venezuela as a result of the general election of December 14, 1947. The election of Señor Gallegos is the culmination of the revolution which began on October 17, 1945. That revolution was without doubt the most significant event of recent Venezuelan history.

The October revolution was engineered by a group of young army officers, and the left-wing Accion Democratica (Democratic Action). This group of junior military men became disgusted with the old regime of General-President Isaías Medina Angarita, as a result of the administration's corruption and the top-heavy nature of the military establishment, which was loaded down with generals who were for the most part holdovers from the ruthless dictatorship of old Juan Vicente Gomez.

The younger military men also had the idea—startling for Venezuela—that the military should be out of politics. The history of the country since its achievement of independence from Spain a century and a quarter ago has been one constant series of military dictatorships. The most important of these, which lasted for a thirty-year period and only came to an end with the death of the dictator in 1936, was that of Juan Vicente Gomez. Known as the "Tyrant of the Andes," Gomez had during his lifetime exercised absolute control of the affairs of the republic.

It was during his regime that the oil companies opened up the vast petroleum resources of the country, which now place it among the world's leading producers of black gold. With the proceeds of this almost fabulous wealth, the tyrant succeeded in paying off all of his nation's foreign indebtedness. But he also succeeded in lining his own pockets with complete abandon. He and his friends had by 1936 bought up or seized most of the land which was worth owning. Many thousands of acres, which had once been prosperous agricultural land, had been converted into hunting preserves or grazing land for somewhat scrawny cattle. The upshot was that he left Venezuela, which was still a predominantly agricultural country, an importer of many of its foodstuffs, and the nation came to be completely dependent economically on the petroleum industry.

The regimes which succeeded that of Juan Vicente were in reality little more than his heirs. The next president, General Elicer Lopez Contreras, was Gomez' minister of war at the time of the old man's death. He in turn picked his successor, General Isaías Medina Angarita, who came from the same military clique. The Lopez and Medina regimes were somewhat of an improvement over that of Gomez. Particularly during the regime of Medina there was greatly increased freedom both for opposition political groups and for the trade unions. The election of the country's parliament was entrusted to the direct vote of a rather limited electorate, instead of that body being chosen indirectly as had previously been the case. There was even some talk—not taken too seriously by the powers-that-were—of direct election of the president, and extension of the franchise.

The Accion Democratica party was allowed to function with more or less liberty, as were the Communists. The latter, in return for government aid in the trade unions, gave unqualified support to the Medina regime, and, when the October 1945 revolution came, they fought for the regime in the streets of Caracas and other cities.

During the administrations of Lopez, Contreras and Medina Angarita the principal opposition party was the Accion Democratica. It was headed by Romulo Betancourt, a young intellectual, an ex-communist and for many years an exile, under both Gomez and Lopez Contreras. He gathered around him a number of the country's leading intellectuals, including the poet, Andres Eloy Blanco, and Romulo Gallegos, one of the most famous novelists now writing in the Spanish language. The Accion Democratica party made a special appeal to the working class and by 1943 it had become the majority group in the country's labor unions.

The program of the party roughly paralleled that of the Peruvian "Aprista" group and called for the carrying out of a widespread agrarian reform, the stimulation of industrialization and the diversification and extension of agriculture. It also called for the extension of political democracy by granting the vote to all adult citizens, and the strengthening of civil liberties. It urged the importation of foreign capital to aid in the development of the nation's resources, but under strict supervision of the Venezuelan government. In this regard the Accion Democratica urged increased taxation of the foreign-owned oil companies. Of course the party laid great stress on the strengthening and extension of the educational system.

When the young military men, under the leadership of Majors Mario Vargas and Carlos Delgado Chalbaud, started planning their uprising against the Medina government, they looked around for a civilian group with which they could co-operate. They wanted a party which was at the same time progressive in its policies and of undoubted loyalty to Venezuela, and the only group which answered this description was Accion Democratica. So they made contact with Romulo Betancourt and other leaders of the A.D., who were receptive to the idea of a coup d'état. For six months or more plans were laid, and finally in the middle of October, 1945, they came to fruition.

After sharp fighting, in which part of the army and the police force, plus the Communists, who were armed by the regime, fought for the government, the revolution was successful, and a revolutionary committee was installed in the place of the president.

The new regime immediately set out on a vast program of social reform. The government itself was an innovation in the political history of the country. The new revolutionary committee, which was substituted for the chief executive, consisted of seven men, five of whom were civilians, and the other two, Vargas and Delgado Chalbaud. No one was designated as president of the republic, though Romulo Betancourt was named president of the revolutionary committee. All seven of the men promised that they would not be candidates for the presidency of the republic, when the proposed direct election for that office was held.

Perhaps the most significant move of the regime was to take the control of the government out of the barracks and put it in the streets. Various moves were made to bring this about. First of all, the mass of the populace was for the first time given a chance to participate in the selection of their rulers. Late in 1946 universal adult suffrage, for literates and illiterates alike, was used for the first time in the election of a constituent assembly. Accion Democratica spread its organization the width and breadth of the country, and units of the party were established in every city, town and village, while at the same time a number of opposition groups arose. These included the so-called *Copei* party, which became the chief rallying centre of the opposition. It was led by Rafael Caldera, a young lawyer who had been the revolutionary regime's first solicitor-general, but who had broken with the government about five months after the uprising. The Accion

Democratica group alleged that the *Copei* was the stamping ground of most of the country's reactionaries. A second group was the Union Republicana Democratica, which is said to be the chief centre of the adherents of the Lopez and Medina regimes, in spite of its radical-sounding program. Finally, there were the Communists, who were split into two factions.

In addition to the building up of mass political organizations, the revolution resulted in a great stimulation to the trade union movement. In less than two years the number of trade unions more than quadrupled, while union membership increased from about twenty-five thousand to an estimated one hundred and twenty thousand members. Most industrial concerns were organized, while there was a wave of unionization in the countryside as well. About half of the labor unions founded during the administration of the revolutionary committee were formed among agricultural workers.

The agrarian laborers' organizations co-operated closely with the new regime's program of agrarian reform. The revolutionary committee soon after it came to power set up special courts to judge members of previous regimes who had enriched themselves at the nation's expense. As a result, hundreds of thousands of acres of land were confiscated from ex-members of the Gomez, Lopez and Medina regimes. More land was purchased by the government for its experiments.

Upon these seized and purchased lands have been established a number of agricultural colonies. Some of them were organized as co-operatives, with complete ownership of the land in common. In other cases, title to the land was turned over to the small farmers, while still other colonies were compromises between these two extremes. Some of these agricultural colonies were set up with only Venezuelan personnel, while in others there was participation by immigrants. The revolutionary government, incidentally, has encouraged a large-scale immigration program.

Thousands of homes for workers and middle-class citizens were built under the aegis of the revolutionary government, particularly in the interior cities.

The constituent assembly, which was elected in November, 1946, sat during most of the next year writing a new basic document. Among its provisions were ones providing for the direct election of the president, congress and the state legislators. It was provided that for a period of two years the governors of the states would continue to be appointed by the federal government, while at the end of that period a national referendum is to be held to decide how these officials are to be elected. Social provisions included the assertion of the right of workers to organize, their right to participate in profits of companies for which they work, and other measures.

With the conclusion of the constituent assembly's labors, the first campaign under the new constitution got under way. The candidates were Romulo Gallegos as candidate of the government Accion Democratica party, Rafael Caldera as candidate of the *Copei*, and Gustavo Machado as the Communist nominee. In the final vote, Romulo Gallegos received nearly 75 per cent of the total vote, while Senor Caldera received some 23 per cent and the Communist candidate got only about 2 per cent of the total poll. Dr. Caldera remarked that the orderliness and honesty of the election was a tribute to the "civic consciousness" of the Venezuelan people.

Venezuela has been launched on the road of constitutional democratic government, under the leadership of a party which is pledged to the building of social democracy, and which already has taken far-reaching steps toward overcoming some of the nation's age-old problems—such as agrarian reform, industrialization, opening of political life to the masses of the people, and the fight against illiteracy.

Investment in Health

John S. Morgan

(PART TWO)

► PART I OF THIS ARTICLE dealt with the British National Health Scheme as it affects the consumer. So far as he is concerned he can get essential medical and hospital care without immediate charge, because as a taxpayer he has already paid his share of the nation's health bill. As a British citizen he has now largely achieved a new human freedom, the right to good health. At the same time, he is left free, if he prefers to do so, to pay for all or any part of his health or hospital care.

The three groups besides the patient whose interests are affected are the politicians, the administrators, and most important of all, the members of the medical profession*. Among the politicians there has been little serious disagreement. One of the chief political architects of the plan for a national health service was Mr. H. U. Willink, the Conservative Minister of Health in Mr. Churchill's government. It was he who rejected outright the proposal that a council of medical men should control the service, on the grounds that a public service in a democracy must, in the nature of a democracy, be controlled by a minister answerable to the representatives of the people in Parliament. He, too, condemned the sale of private practices, for the abolition of which his socialist successor has been much berated by the medical profession. The Conservatives and many Liberals regret the taking over of the voluntary hospitals by the state, but admit that wartime experience demonstrated its necessity if an integrated and efficient hospital service is to be provided. The more radical socialists regret the maintenance of private practice in any form, and would like to see the abolition of privileges, such as private ward accommodation in hospitals, which are available to those who can afford to pay for them. Some local politicians deeply regret the diminished responsibilities of the local authorities in the area of hospital services. These, however, are minor flaws in an otherwise unusual political harmony.

The administrators have serious questions about the structure of the service. It is broken up into three administrative patterns, to each of which reference has already been made. The environmental services are administered by local authorities, the personal health services by the local executive councils, and the hospital and specialist services by regional hospital boards. The general integration of the service, and the supervision of the whole health plan is administratively the responsibility of the Minister of Health and his civil service staff. The Minister is to be assisted by a Central Health Advisory Council, the majority of whose members will represent the medical professions. This Central Health Advisory Council must report annually to Parliament and its reports cannot be suppressed or altered by the Minister. It is too soon to say whether this administrative system has serious flaws in it. The hospital and specialist service is based largely on a system which worked admirably during the war; the environmental services are in the hands of the local authorities, who will be called upon to build on the sound foundations of the work they have been doing so well

*Owing to lack of space this article does not deal with a third type of service provided by the British National Health Scheme, the environmental or positive health service. Under this heading come pre-natal and post-natal clinics, the control of tuberculosis, venereal and communicable diseases, the supervision of the health of school children, the provision of home nursing services, immunization and health education.

for many years; the newer features, the central administrative and supervisory duties of the Ministry of Health, and the work of the local executive councils have yet to be tested in practice. The divisions of administration have been strictly related to the functional needs of the different parts of the service and are simple compared with the chaos and disorganization of all previous health care. In ten or fifteen years it will be time to criticize.

It is from the medical profession, or rather from a certain section of the medical profession, that the most vociferous complaints have been heard. Some of these criticisms were legitimate and steps have been taken to remedy the causes; some of the complaints would have been legitimate if the profession were willing to admit that the main object of a doctor is to make money from the exercise of his skills, rather than to foster good health and heal the sick, while earning an income sufficient to maintain an adequate professional standard of living; some of the complaints were frankly political, aimed more at the present Government because it is socialist, rather than at the health service.

The principal controversy has been over the payment of the doctors for their professional services. Forty years ago the British Medical Association fought the "Lloyd George Act" with a bitterness far exceeding anything displayed in the present tussle. Then they fought the principle of a capitation payment (i.e., so much per capita per year for every insured person on their list): lately they have fought to retain capitation payment as the ideal, infinitely preferable to "any development which tends to convert its members into full-time salaried servants of the state or the local authorities." Discarding the political element in this complaint, it should be accepted that many doctors genuinely dislike the idea of being salaried workers, and dislike even more the idea of being salaried workers for a statutory body. They need be neither under the National Health Service. They will be placed on the list at their own request by the local medical executive council, on which the profession will have a majority of the votes. They will be paid a basic salary of \$1,200 a year for the first three years they are on the list, plus a capitation fee for every patient on their lists. After that they will have an option, either to remain on these terms or to change over to a straight capitation fee on a different formula for all their patients. The Minister has recently given an undertaking to write into the legislation a clause preventing the establishment of a whole-time salaried medical service without obtaining specific consent of Parliament in new legislation.

The medical profession has resisted strenuously what they call "direction of doctors." The only control which can be exercised under the National Health Service Act will be the barring of new entrants from practice in areas which are already adequately supplied with general practitioners. A decision on the adequacy of the existing supply of doctors will rest with the Medical Practices Committee, a professional body. New entrants will be able to set up practice in any other area they like; they will be encouraged to start in districts which are grossly under-doctored by the setting of higher basic salaries in those districts, and by other inducements, which they are quite free to ignore.

There has been grave concern over the wide powers of regulation and the extensive powers of appointment given to the Minister of Health. Some members of the profession are anxious about this "lay control of their professional conduct." Clearly there is room for conciliation and discussion on these issues. The professional control of professional matters is firmly established by various provisions in the Act. There is no reason to suppose that medically trained men are more competent in administrative work

than men who have spent their working lives in administration. In a complex scheme of this kind a great deal must be left to regulations. What is needed now is willing co-operation from the medical profession and wisdom in the administration to secure the confidence and loyalty of the profession in a great experiment in human well-being. In the result this will probably happen. The recent British Medical Association polls suggest that the medical profession has been more than half won over. In the first vote it is true that about 41,000 out of the 45,500 B.M.A. members who replied said that they did not like the Act, but that was after receiving with their ballot papers a statement from their professional association (the B.M.A.), a fairly blunt statement that they had better not like it! More significant was the fact that when the same 45,500 were asked "Will you serve under the new Act?" only 25,000 said "No"; of the remaining 20,000, some 4,000 defiantly said "Yes" and the remainder more diplomatically, like Brer Rabbit, "lay low and said nuffin." In the second poll 12,799 voted to accept service in the scheme and 13,891 voted not to accept service. It can safely be assumed that the fall in the total in the second poll was largely due to the fact that thousands of doctors had decided that the scheme was going through and they were going in, so "why stir up trouble by voting." The B.M.A. took the hint and has advised its members to co-operate in the new service.

Thus it is that on July 5, 1948, Britain launched a new attack upon ill-health, exactly one hundred years after the passing of the very first Public Health Act in 1848. There are many lessons for Canada in the British plan, and it is notable that at the recent 1948 meetings of the Canadian medical professions in Toronto, there were several progressive addresses drawing attention to some of these lessons. In his Lister Lecture to the 79th annual meeting of the Canadian Medical Association, Dr. W. E. Gallie is reported as commending the organization of regional hospital and specialist services as offering "a long step forward in providing adequate care for the people."

At the opening of this meeting Dr. H. E. MacDermot, spokesman for the C.M.A. Council, put his finger on the weak place in the prepayment medical care plans which are so much in favor with the profession, in the U.S.A. and Canada, as alternatives to national schemes operated under government auspices. *The Toronto Star* reported on June 22: "He (Dr. MacDermot) admitted that prepaid plans made no provision for members of the community who could not afford to pay the monthly fees." That is just the trouble. Medical care in all schemes so far attempted, including national health insurance, is made dependent upon what the P.E.P. report in Britain once called the "medically irrelevant factors of finance." The new British plan takes the financial circumstances of the individual out of health care and makes the whole community responsible, not for free service, but for fair shares of the costs of service.

This last point raises a new question for Canada at a time when preparations are going ahead in Ottawa and the provincial capitals for the first modest and tentative steps to open the way to some eventual development of health insurance. May it be that Canada should watch carefully the progress of the new British plan in order to avoid the pitfalls of the earlier health legislation of Great Britain and be prepared to go straight on to some appropriate form of national health service? Or is it necessary to have some form of health insurance in order to train the community and the profession to operate a national scheme before proceeding, if that is the right step, to a national health scheme?

This is no place to attempt to answer this question. The important lesson today is that if Canada wants a healthy people, she must be prepared to invest in health. To that end political leaders, labor leaders, administrators, and above all the medical profession, can and should turn all their energy. If the objective—the improved health of the Canadian people—is kept to the forefront, and political, administrative and financial considerations are made to subserve the objective and not to supplant it, then the experience of Britain's health service over the next ten years can be of great significance to Canada.

Pursuit of Utopia

Muriel L. Holden

► THIS SUMMER, fifteen hundred Mennonites are leaving their homes in Manitoba, Canada, for a point sixty-five miles south of Villarica, Paraguay. They are selling their rich farms, auctioning their expensive equipment and their fine cattle, and taking with them only the barest necessities for a fresh start in a new, Spanish-speaking, tropical country. In some families members are being separated, perhaps never to meet again on this earth.

Why are they embarking on this adventure? Because, they say, the modern world is creeping up on them, and they wish to preserve their ancient tradition and mode of life. They feel that the present young generation is becoming "worldly," because of modernization. Some of the girls now wear fashionable attire, use make-up, and have their hair cut and permanently waved, nor do they object to parties and dances. Many of the young men have moved to the cities and taken to themselves wives of other faiths. This is very disagreeable to the older Mennonites, even though their sons make excellent business men. Worse still in Mennonite eyes, almost 50 per cent of the younger men joined the armed forces during the war, in one capacity or another. It is to bring up, in the former strictness and severity of life, those children who now are small; it is for their sake, to "save" them, that these people are tearing themselves up by the roots.

No Mennonite community can leave its district without loss to the state or province, for they are good citizens, industrious, law-abiding, and thrifty. Moreover, they have been on this continent perhaps longer than any other religious denomination, always excepting the Quakers, the English Puritans, and the French Catholics.

The greater part of American and Canadian Mennonites are descended from those settlers who fled to Southern Russia from Germany to escape the persecution they endured there. Catherine the Great welcomed them, offering them religious freedom and exemption from all military duty. This was in 1786. When that part of the treaty regarding military service was repealed in 1874, the Mennonites emigrated by thousands to the United States and to Canada. Settlers involved in the present exodus from Manitoba say they have no fault to find with the Canadian government, which has always stood by its promise of military exemption, given them at the time of entry.

One cannot but wonder how these people, so ready to sacrifice all for the sake of an ideal, will fare in their new venture. They are accustomed to rolling prairie where their golden fields of wheat and barley stretched for miles; they are accustomed to sub-zero temperatures and the Northern Lights. How will they stand the humid tropics where, instead of wheat and barley, they will grow sugar and cotton?

Oxen will take the place of their fine horses and mechanized equipment—instead of their snug farmhouses, tents, at least for a while, will be their only shelter. With them are going six ministers, but what will they do for medical care? For hospitals? Though Villarica itself is a city of 36,000 inhabitants at least, the Mennonites are entrenching themselves at a point sixty-five miles south-east of it, which even on the map looks to be primeval wilderness. And many of the emigrants are well up in years already. One old lady of seventy-five is going, because some of her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren are making the arduous trip.

A second thought that occurs to one is: how far can these idealistic people be said to have the right idea? They wish to fly from "the world." Yes, but as distance grows less and less and speed more and more, the world grows smaller and smaller. In another century it will have encroached upon the now virgin soil of that part of Paraguay to which they are going, just as it has upon their once secluded prairie. Temperatures may, in time, have become so controlled that even the North and South poles will be populated. Then where will they go?

Again, have we a right to circumscribe ourselves in such a manner? We have a duty towards our neighbor, and the more light we believe ourselves to have, the more it should be our duty, surely, to disseminate it. For instance, what if the Apostles, upon finding offenses creeping into the early Church, had retired to an island in the Mediterranean and attempted to have nothing further to do with the world? The progress of Christianity would have been set back for centuries, and this earth would have been immeasurably the poorer for such a retirement.

Nevertheless, it is good to know that there are still people existing whose ideals mean more to them than comforts or money. The departure of fifteen hundred Mennonites may make us more appreciative of those who remain, and we wish the departing Mennonites success in their new and distant fields.

Twenty-Five Years Ago

Vol. 3 No. 35 August, 1923, *The Canadian Forum*.

Holiday travel has once more drawn the attention of many to the extent to which the advertising cult is prepared to go. In the towns one becomes inured to their handiwork: however much it may be regretted, it is strictly in keeping with the modern urban 'atmosphere'. But, coming upon it in the countryside or on the borders of the wilds, one is struck not only by the incongruity but also by the stark ugliness of these outposts of civilization. From Halifax to Vancouver they are eloquent of a culture chiefly concerned with boosting . . . And they are set in the most beautiful scenery available, for is not the modern advertiser trained in psychology by the universities? England has recently curbed the activities of this breed by Act of Parliament. We also have natural beauty to preserve, and our legislators might well follow suit, even at the risk of being labelled 'sentimental'. But, if our masters consider such a subject beneath their dignity, as seems likely, the rural community which sets an example to the rest by banning sign, bill, and poster from its roadsides and fields will deserve well of the country at large.

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The Poetry of Duncan Campbell Scott

Desmond Pacey

► THE RECENT DEATH of Duncan Campbell Scott aroused singularly little excitement in the Canadian public. The Prime Minister, it is true, paid a gracious tribute to his literary achievements; there were a few newspaper and magazine editorials and one or two memorial gatherings; but there was no general sense of loss. Perhaps the fact that Scott has seldom been a subject of critical controversy partly explains the relative obscurity of his reputation.

For Scott was a symbol of dedicated craftsmanship. He resorted to no stunts, either as man or writer, but was content to continue year after year the unspectacular business of seeking the exact words, the appropriate forms, in which to express his vision of life. That vision was one which may well come to be regarded as the distinctive vision of Canadian art, at least in its first major phase. It was a vision of conflict on a titanic scale, of man pitting his resources of courage and endurance against a harsh physical environment. It is basically the same vision that we find in the novels of Frederick Philip Grove, in the paintings of Tom Thomson and Emily Carr, in the poetry of E. J. Pratt, and on a smaller scale in such a poem as A. J. M. Smith's "Lonely Land." In all of these writers and artists we find a conception of Nature as at once frightening and fascinating: frightening because of its capacity to destroy, fascinating because of the intensity of its challenge. And in most of them we find a conception of man as paradoxically puny and mighty at once. Physically, he is incapable of withstanding the onslaughts of storm and flood; but he has spiritual resources by which he transcends destruction.

This conception of Nature as wild and threatening sets Scott apart from the other members of the Group of the Sixties. For Carman, Nature is always a source of either emotional comfort or transcendental illumination. Lampman goes to Nature as a refuge from the harsh realities of a mechanical age. Roberts, in his animal stories, shows himself almost aware of the cruelties of Nature, but in his poetry he almost invariably regards it as beneficent. All of them characteristically paint Nature in her moments of calm. But Scott gives us pictures of Nature in storm, with man withstanding its pressures by virtue either of an inner moral strength or a supreme outer assurance. An example is this stanza from "Rapids at Night":

Here at the roots of the mountains,
Between the sombre legions of cedars and tamaracks,
The rapids charge the ravine:
A little light, cast by foam under starlight,
Wavers about the shimmering stems of the birches:
Here rise up the clangorous sounds of battle,
Immense and mournful.
Far above curves the great dome of darkness
Drawn with the limitless lines of the stars and the planets.
Deep at the core of the tumult,
Deeper than all the voices that cry at the surface,
Under the hiss and cry, the stroke and the plangent clamor.
Dwells one fathomless sound,

There is a touch of reassurance later in this poem, in the reference to "the great dome of darkness" as "the strong palm of God, Veined with the ancient laws": above the battle are the eternal verities. But in "The Eagle Speaks"

there is no such reassurance: man is a puny earth-bound creature which the exultant eagle can destroy at will. Having killed the man, the eagle speaks as follows:

I swirled low over the earth like flame flattened
By wind, then with a long loop of swiftness
Rose sheer up into the bubble of the air
And left him, carrion with his carrion,
For the dull coyotes to scent and overhaul
With snarls and bickerings lower than the dogs.
Rose to the unattempted heights, spurning
The used channels of the air, to the thin reach
Where vapours are unborn and caught the last
Glint of falling light beyond the peak
Of the last mountain, and hung alone serene
Till night, welling up into the void darkened me,—
Poised with the first cold stars.

In those lines, some of the finest Scott ever wrote, we certainly have clearly expressed the conception of a frightening but fascinating strength.

The theme of "The Eagle Speaks"—violent death in a wilderness setting—is the dominant theme of Scott's best and most characteristic poems. In his most famous, and in many ways his most satisfying, single poem, "The Piper of Arll," the climactic episode is the death of the piper and of the intruding ship's crew; in "The Forsaken" an old squaw is left alone by the tribe to die in the wilds; in "At the Cedars" there is the double death of a man and his sweetheart in a log-jam. Death is piled on death in "On the Way to the Mission," where an Indian trapper, hauling the corpse of his wife to the mission for burial, is murdered by two rapacious white men. A very similar poem is "Mission of the Trees," in which an Indian father collapses and dies on his way to the mission with the body of his son. A dead son reappears in "A Scene at Lake Manitou," the emotional centre in this case being the Indian mother's grief. "Night Burial in the Forest" tells the story of a fatal love feud, as does the powerful "At Gull Lake: August, 1810."

The vision of a world in conflict finds expression also in Scott's love poems. Almost all of them deal with frustrated love, the frustration resulting from enforced absence, unrequited passion, or death. In "Spring on Mattagami," his conception of Nature as a violent, frightening but also fascinating power is used to reinforce a similar conception of love.

But most of Scott's love poems are rather weak. One suspects that he was inhibited by the puritanism of the Canadian public: it is significant that his frankest poem, "Byron on Wordsworth," which treats of Wordsworth's affair with Annette Vallon, had to be printed for private circulation only. Perhaps the best lines on love among his published works are these:

O, what is love but the bee with the clover,
The passion of plunder,
The giving, the taking,
The ecstasy wild and the tearing asunder,—
And then all is over;
But somewhere the honey is hid in the hive
And love to the lover is more than the passion,
For beauty is stored in some exquisite fashion
To be eaten in thankfulness, silence and tears
On the bread of the desolate years.

Scott is undoubtedly at his best as a narrative poet. The directly didactic poems are, like the love poems, relative failures. The philosophy of life which, in "The Forsaken" for example, has resonant suggestiveness and restrained intensity, sounds rather flat and dull when he attempts to

express it directly. He is apt to give us uninspired imitations of Victorian poets.

Ideas and phrases borrowed from Wordsworth, Browning and above all Tennyson mingle in his most ambitious—and least successful—philosophical poem, "The Height of Land."

Scott does not show a marked preference for any single metrical form. Like the other members of the Group of the Sixties, he is fond of the simple quatrain stanza, but he does not employ it nearly as frequently as Roberts and Carman. He also uses couplets, six, seven, and eight line stanzas, sonnets, blank verse, and free verse. He makes a much greater use of free verse than the other members of the Group, and in general is less given than they are to the more conventional types of verse form. He is fond of strikingly short lines—as in "At the Cedars" and the first part of "The Forsaken"—and of unusually long ones, such as this final line of "Night Burial in the Forest":

"The Wings of the Angel who gathers the souls from the wastes of the world."

His rhythms are much less emphatic than those of Roberts and Carman, but he is less capable than they of achieving musical effects. "The Piper of Arll" is a striking exception, but generally speaking Scott does not charm us by the beauty of his melodies. He never approaches the haunting cadences of Carman's "Low Tide on Grand Pré" or the sustained music of Roberts' "Tantramar Revisited." His lyrical powers, in other words, are relatively weak, and it is by his narrative poems that he will be remembered.

The diction of Scott's poetry is less ornate than that of his romantic contemporaries. The early poems, it is true, of which "The Piper of Arll" is the conspicuous example, are in the decorative manner of Morris, Rossetti, and the early Yeats, but he resembles the last of these three poets in his transition toward a barer, sparser, more compact mode of utterance. He is less adjectival than Carman, there is less softness, vagueness, and suggestiveness in his verse, but greater precision and strength. At his best, as in the passage quoted above from "The Eagle Speaks," or as in these lines from "Labor and the Angel"

The wind roars out from the elm,
Then leaps tiger-sudden;—the leaves
Shudder up into heaps and are caught
High as the branch where they hung
Over the oriole's nest.

Scott's verse is swift, vigorous, direct, and plain.

I think we must agree, however, that a gift of striking and suggestive imagery is not one of Scott's strong points. His images are few and far between, and they are not especially memorable. Scott achieves his effects by slower, less spectacular means—chiefly by the accumulation of accurate bits of physical description and of emotional insight—rather than by the sudden illuminating fusion of thought and thing which occurs in the finest metaphors and similes.

The dominant tone of Scott's poetry is quiet, in spite of the violent content of so many of his best poems. Though his poems usually involve a stormy climax, they almost always come to a peaceful close. There is a dialectical pattern to most of his poems: two forces battle one another until their powers are spent or their differences resolved and peace ensues. In "The Piper of Arll" the piper and the crew of the intruding ship exercise their fatal attraction upon each other; a violent climax is reached as the ship suddenly sinks beneath them; but the poem comes to a quiet close as the ship is pictured on the ocean floor:

And sometimes in the liquid night
The hull is changed, a solid gem,
That glows with a soft stony light,

The lost prince of a diadem.
And at the keel a vine is quick,
That spreads its bines and works and weaves
O'er all the timbers veining thick
A plenitude of silver leaves.

Throughout most of "Night Burial in the Forest" the birch-bark torches roar, symbols of the violence of the events which have preceded the funeral, but quiet peace is the tone of the final stanza. In "On the Way to the Mission" the white men dog the footsteps of the Indian, kill him, and then, discovering the nature of his load, flee and leave the corpses in the silent moonlight:

The moon went on to her setting
And covered them with shade.

The final peacefulness of these poems is achieved not by the transcendental leap, but by a stoical acceptance of suffering as the inevitable lot of man. The dominant mood is heroic endurance. Calm and stability is finally attained through an inner spiritual discipline, not through some magical release. We have the sense of a harsh and lonely world, the vicissitudes of which we can and therefore must endure without disgrace. In Toynbee's language, the challenge of a stern environment has elicited the response of courage. Is it too much to suggest that in these quietly powerful poems, seldom brilliant but always competent in style and solid in substance, we catch an authentic glimpse of the Canadian spirit at its finest?

O CANADA

Port Arthur, July 7 (CP).—As his first official act as president of the Port Arthur Rotary Club yesterday, Ralph Bird announced the meeting would open with singing of "The Maple Leaf Forever" instead of "O Canada." "I am intensely British and 'The Maple Leaf, Forever' is a good British song," he said.

(Globe and Mail)

You owe yourself the adventure of one black nightie in your life. Just one black nightie in a lifetime isn't too much to ask. . . a filmy froth of cool, black shadow . . . melting soft lines in misty lace-trimmed sheer or shimmering satin. Have a black nightie designed by Madame — for a happy-ever-after trousseau or to tuck in your bottom drawer for one touch of pure vanity.

(Advertisement, Montreal Gazette)

"We shall perish as a free and independent people, and this society as a function of that people, should we ever reach that point where the care of the sick, the helpless, the aged and infirm becomes the charge of a coldly efficient department of government," said A. F. Penny, Brantford, immediate past president [of the Ontario Society for Crippled Children].

(Toronto Star)

If you are a woman without experience, needing additional income, don't waste your time shopping around for a salaried job. C— will train you free, to become a professional corsetiere. Good earnings, friendly contacts.

(Advertisement, Ottawa Citizen)

Brantford, July 6 (Special).—"I am not in favor of the scheme or of any scheme administered by the government," Dr. J. E. Carson, Brantford, president of the Ontario Medical Association, said today of the British national health program . . . The British scheme would meet with "headaches" when people began to realize everything they could get free of charge, Dr. Carson said. "The provision for free dentures, for example, will probably be abused," he said. "Then similar provisions, free artificial limbs, free spectacles, will give trouble. Can you picture the abuse caused when an individual realizes he can get a new pair of spectacles free at any time?"

(Globe and Mail)

This month's prize of a six month subscription goes to J. W. Watson, Toronto, Ont. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

J. S. WOODSWORTH LETTERS

for biographical purposes. Will anyone in possession of letters written by the late J. S. Woodsworth communicate with The Canadian Forum, Box 2.

Portrait of a Lady

Khushwant Singh

Khushwant Singh, the author of this story, is Chief Information Officer of the Government of India Information Services, Ottawa.

► MY GRANDMOTHER, like all people's grandmothers, was an old woman. She had been old and wrinkled for the twenty years that I had known her. People said that she had once been young and pretty and had even had a husband, but that was hard to believe. My grandfather's portrait hung above the mantelpiece in the drawing-room. He wore a big turban and loose-fitting clothes. His long white beard covered the best part of his chest and he looked at least a hundred years old. He did not look the sort of person who would have a wife or children. He looked as if he could only have lots and lots of grandchildren. As for grandmother being young and pretty, the thought was almost revolting. She often told us of the games she used to play as a child. That seemed quite absurd and undignified on her part and we treated it like the fables of the Prophets she told us.

She had always been short and fat and slightly bent. Her face was a crisscross of wrinkles running from everywhere to everywhere. No, we were certain she had always been as we had known her. Old, so terribly old that she could not have grown older and had stayed at the same age for twenty years. She could never have been pretty; but she was always beautiful. She hobbled about the house in spotless white with one hand resting on her waist to balance her stoop and the other telling the beads of her rosary. Her silver locks were scattered untidily over her fair, pink, puckered face and her lips constantly moved in inaudible prayer. Yes, she was beautiful. She was like the winter landscape in the mountains, an expanse of pure white serenity breathing peace and contentment.

My grandmother and I had been good friends once. My parents left me with her when they went to live in the city and we were constantly together. She used to wake me up in the morning and get me ready for school. She said her morning prayer in a monotonous sing-song while she bathed and dressed me in the hope that I would listen and get to know it by heart. I listened because I loved her voice but never bothered to learn it. Then she would fetch my wooden slate which she had already washed and plastered with yellow chalk, a tiny earthen ink pot and a reed pen, tie it all in a bundle and hand it to me. After a breakfast of a thick, stale chapatti with a layer of butter and sugar spread on it, we went to school. She carried several stale chapatties with her for the village dogs.

My grandmother always went to school with me because the school was attached to the temple. The priest taught us the alphabet and the morning prayer. While the children sat in rows on either side of the verandah singing the alphabet or the prayer in a chorus, my grandmother sat inside reading the Scriptures. When we were both finished, we would walk back together. This time the village dogs would greet us at the temple door. They followed us to our home growling and fighting each other for the chapatties we threw at them.

When my parents were comfortably settled in the city, they sent for us. That was a turning-point in our friendship. Although we shared the same room, I was now sent to an English school on a motor bus. There were no dogs

in the streets and she took to feeding sparrows in the courtyard of our city house.

As years rolled by we saw less of each other. For some time she continued to wake me up and get me ready for school. When I came back she asked me what the teacher had taught. I told her English words and little things of western science and learning, the law of gravity, Archimedes' principle, the world being round, etc., etc. This made her unhappy. She could not help me with my lessons. She did not believe in the things they taught at the English school and was distressed that there was no teaching about God and the Scriptures. One day I announced that we were being given music lessons. She was very disturbed. To her music had lewd associations. It was the monopoly of harlots and beggars and not meant for gentlefolk. She said nothing but her silence was disapproving. She rarely talked to me after that.

When I went up to the University, I was given a room of my own. The common link of friendship was snapped. My grandmother accepted her seclusion with resignation. She spun a wall of prayer about her and rarely left it to talk to anyone. From sunrise to sunset she sat by her wheel spinning and reciting her prayers. Only in the afternoon she relaxed for a while to feed the sparrows. While she sat in the verandah mincing the bread into little bits, thousands of little birds collected round her creating a veritable bedlam of chirrupings. Some came and perched on her legs, others on her shoulders. Some even sat on her head. She smiled but never shoo'd them away. It used to be the happiest half-hour in the day for her.

When I decided to go abroad for further studies, I was sure my grandmother would be upset. I would be away for five years and at her age one could never tell. But my grandmother could. She was not even sentimental. She came to leave me at the railway station but did not talk or show any emotion. Her lips moved in prayer, her mind was lost in prayer. Her fingers were busy telling the beads of her rosary. Silently she kissed my forehead and when I left I cherished the moist imprint as perhaps the last sign of physical contact between us.

But that was not so. After five years I came back home and was met by her at the station. She did not look a day older. She still had no time for words and while she clasped me in her arms to kiss my forehead, I could hear her mumbling her prayer. Even on the first day of my arrival, her happiest moments were with her sparrows whom she fed longer and with frivolous rebukes.

In the evening a change came over her. She did not pray. She collected the women of the neighborhood, got an old drum and started to sing. For several hours she thumped the sagging skins of the dilapidated drum and sang lustily of the home-coming warriors. We had to persuade her to stop to avoid overstraining. That was the first time since I had known her that she did not pray.

The next morning she was taken ill. It was a mild fever and the doctor told us that it would go. But my grandmother thought differently. She told us that her end was near. She said that, since only a few hours before the last chapter of her life would close she had committed a grievous omission in her life dedicated to prayer, she was not going to waste any more time talking to us.

We protested. But she ignored our protests. She lay peacefully in bed praying and telling her beads. Even before we could suspect, her lips stopped moving and the rosary fell from her lifeless fingers. A pale, peaceful pallor spread on her face and we knew that she was dead.

We lifted her off the bed and, as is customary, laid her on the ground and covered her with a red shroud. After a few

hours of mourning we left her alone to make arrangements for her funeral.

In the evening we went to her room with a crude stretcher to bear her to her cremation. The sun was setting and had lit her room and verandah with a blaze of golden light. We stopped half-way in the courtyard. All over the verandah and in her room right up to where she lay dead and stiff under the red shroud, thousands of sparrows sat scattered on the floor. There was not a sound of chirping. We felt sorry for the birds and my mother fetched some bread for them. She minced it into little crumbs, the way my grandmother used to, and threw it at them. The sparrows took no notice of the crumbs. When we carried my grandmother's corpse off, they flew away quietly. Next morning the sweeper swept the bread crumbs into the dust bin.

Some Dramatic Suggestions

Norman Newton

► IT IS VERY HARD to understand our complete ignorance of the quality of our drama—of its existence, in fact. I admit we have no theatre—but theatre is an urban art, and we are not yet an urbanized people. We have the CBC, though. We have radio playwrights like Lister Sinclair, Joseph Schull, Hugh Kemp, Jabez, Max Schube, Tommy Tweed, the Stewarts, and (once upon a time) Fletcher Markle—and they are nothing to be ashamed of. I suggest that Lister Sinclair's "Encounter by Moonlight" is as good a verse play as any that has been written for broadcasting in North America; that "The Legend of Ghost Lagoon" by Joseph Schull is written in verse quite as colorful as that of Alfred Noyes; and that Hugh Kemp's "The Young Stuart" is a comedy every bit as good as Michael MacLammond's "Where Stars Walk," which was introduced with such solemnity to the Wednesday night audience a few months back. I suggest that Canadian drama exists. I suggest, furthermore, that its qualities are exactly those we are not supposed to possess—a romanticism, exuberance, and high spirits.

We think we are a dour people. Now when dour people set out to write satire they make it very heavy and savage indeed. But most of the satire produced by the CBC has been as gentle as the touch of a girl. We say we are practical. When practical people write poetry they either stick to facts or become sentimental. But the two outstanding verse plays produced so far by the CBC have been both unsentimental and fantastic. "Encounter by Moonlight" was an allegory, the main mood of which was a thoroughly romantic terror; and "Legend of Ghost Lagoon" was an impossibly melodramatic fantasy, like the colored dreams of a child. We are proud above all things of our ability to keep our feet planted firmly on the ground. But Jabez stands on his head.

Lister Sinclair is a lyric dramatist, but he is only just finding it out. Like many poets who try to write satire he has discovered that he has neither enough detachment nor enough natural gaiety to do it very well. His early burlesque, "The Goose that Laid the Golden Egg," was a failure. He hated the big business he satirized too much to be amusing about it. His next comedy, "One John Smith," was much better. I don't think it was meant to be funny. It was very witty, but wit was really a sort of paradoxical eloquence, and the best character, Powhatan, was a serious one. The fact is that Sinclair's response to hypocrisy is emotional, not intellectual. You have to be able to adopt a detached and scientific attitude toward fools and hypocrites before you can be funny about them. Satire is a branch of zoology.

Sinclair's next important play was a verse tragedy, "Socrates"—partly original, partly Platonic translation. It was very well assembled, but the characters were remembered rather than expressed—their speech rarely rose above metrical prose; and the only really moving scenes were those written by Plato. For Sinclair was still trying to observe people objectively and his talent lies in his power to see situations subjectively. His most recent play, "Encounter by Moonlight," made this quite clear. It is obvious now that he does not create characters: he creates an emotional world of which the characters are only a part. They are singers in a chorus—players in an orchestra. The drama is in the change of mood. In this play the landscape, as described by an announcer, is as important as the chorus in a Greek play. In fact, the landscape is the chorus.

Joseph Schull has written only one play I remember with any distinctness—"The Legend of Ghost Lagoon." It is uneven, but wonderful—a fine fantastic melodrama about pirates and sharks and ships manned by the dead. This is Schull's first verse play so far as I know. There is, as I have implied, something rather tentative about it. Occasionally Schull loses confidence in his ability to write verse at all, and the play sags. But so do many melodramas.

Schull has a gift for evoking childlike terror in the mind, not mainly through the description of horrible acts (although the plank-walking scene has a certain bloody beauty); but through the creation of atmosphere. The ending is best in this respect. Those who heard the play will remember the pirates being judged by the celestial magistrate in the ghost ship; and their wicked captain being sentenced and put ashore, all by himself, on a small sandy island near the edge of the world. They will remember the very end of the play—with the captain walking the faint, white sands in the middle of the night, staring toward the invisible sea, and waiting for the bones of all the men he has ever killed to wash ashore at his feet. That is his sentence. And the disembodied announcer repeats softly, "... phalanges, phalanges, tibia, fibula..."

I have heard two scripts of Jabez, both on "Vancouver Theatre." One of them was a very funny little play about a space-ship, the other a very ordinary little operetta about a summer resort. Jabez has a talent for erecting symmetrical structures of reasoned absurdity on a single comic idea. It is a pity he is too modest to be anything but a teller of jokes. He seems to consider style an inexcusable affectation. But prose has its rhythm as much as verse—and a joke is much funnier when the words flow easily and do not have to be expelled from the mouth like tapioca from a pea-shooter. If Jabez wrote less and polished more—if he devoted more time to script-writing, and more time to each script, he would be the wittiest writer of plays, broadcast or otherwise, in all this great Dominion from sea to sea, as the politicians would put it.

I remember one play by Hugh Kemp, "The Young Stuart," and I remember it as superb. The chief character, the young man of the title, is an admirable epitome of those youths who hunger for romance where no romance exists, and are consequently forced to create an obedient dream-world where it does. He was the ideal wild-eyed boy, full of hyperbole and fury—Syngé's Playboy pretending to be Cyrano de Bergerac.

Both the Young Stuart, and his love affair with the female doctor, fifteen years his senior, might have been treated tragically, since he is filled with shrapnel, doomed to die before forty; and she knows that that is the only reason he would have for wanting to marry a woman so near old age as she is. But it wasn't; and that fact, I think, is an indication of Kemp's artistic stature. The play is written as a light-hearted and exuberant romantic comedy. We are

forced to look upon the Young Stuart's flirtation as he looks upon it himself. Yet all the time we know it is a tragedy. He doesn't. That is the greatness of the play.

I would like it thoroughly understood that I am not asserting that Canadian drama is mature. I only suggest it exists. I am not comparing Lister Sinclair to Shakespeare; I am not placing Hugh Kemp on the level of Syngé, or even that of Barrie. I only suggest that they exist. What might end their existence?

1. Our rather snobbish tendency to equate drama with the stage. There are now three dramatic media—radio, stage and screen; and none of them is intrinsically any better than the other.

2. Our habit of forgetting plays as soon as they are over. Worth-while radio plays should have a recorded "run" of at least three consecutive days—each day at a different time. Private stations should be encouraged to re-broadcast them with their own actors. And they should be published with much noise.

3. Our apparent inability to concentrate for longer than an hour. The play should be just as long as its theme takes to be fully developed. Half an hour is too long for a short play. An hour is too short for a long one.

4. Our fear of corrupting the souls of our playwrights with excessive remuneration. "The Young Stuart" offered quite enough material for a stage play lasting two to two and a half hours, and it might have taken months to conceive and write. A modern dramatist can live very comfortably on the proceeds of one fairly successful play a season. Shakespeare, considered a very prolific man, wrote about two a year, and made a great deal of money. But for "The Young Stuart," which probably took as much of Mr. Kemp's time as "Abie's Irish Rose" did of Anne Nichols', Mr. Kemp, at present CBC rates, received \$150, about half the money a good welder makes a month. I am surprised he bothered writing it. Perhaps he likes to write. It is good to like to write—but it shouldn't be so expensive.

Like my list of authors, my list of grievances is not exhaustive. I am not stating that they amount to what almost seem a systematic persecution on the part of the CBC. I suggest only that they exist.

Recordings

Milton Wilson

► JOSEPH SZGETI is the violinist in a new Columbia recording of the Brahms *Violin Concerto* with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia orchestra. The position of this work in violin music suggests some comment. Among all types of symphonic literature the violin concerto has had probably the least luck with the great composers. There are plenty of great piano concertos; Mozart wrote about ten of them, and Beethoven two or three. Schumann wrote one good one, Tchaikovsky and Greig two very popular ones, Franck wrote one of his best works in the *Variations Symphoniques*, and Brahms himself has given us two efforts, which may not be as world-shaking as their admirers suggest, but are well worth listening to. Mozart and Beethoven, however, wrote the basic "great works," and there are quite a few of them. Among violin concertos the situation is different indeed, although since about 1930 the situation has shown signs of improving (see the concertos of Berg, Bloch, Bartok, Walton, Stravinsky, and others). The one "great" violin concerto, in the first rank of its composer's works, is the Bach *D minor Concerto* (available in a Columbia recording by Szgeti), which, however, is better known in a piano version from

which the original violin score has been reconstructed. Mozart wrote very few of them (for him), all before he was twenty, and, fine as the *A major Concerto* K. 219 is, it inevitably falls below the mature piano concertos. Beethoven's *Violin Concerto*, like two or three of Mozart's, is a fine work but similarly does not quite make the class of the last two piano concertos. Its reputation is partly deserved and partly derived from its uniqueness. Fortunately the minor works have some quality. The Tchaikovsky *Violin Concerto* is a charming work, better than the much played *Piano Concerto*, and the Sibelius *Violin Concerto*, according to my scheme of values, belongs in a similar category. The slight but good Lalo and Chausson works parallel the Franck *Variations*.

From this brief and over-simplified survey it may be seen that, whereas among the minor works the violin may have a slight edge, among the major ones the piano has all the advantage and the violin is nowhere. Apart from the Bach work, which is generally played on the piano, the violin's one "great" concerto, the Beethoven one, is, to a certain extent, great by necessity. And here is where the Brahms *Violin Concerto* comes in. I cannot imagine what we would do without it. It is the necessary second work to swell the ranks of major violin concertos. And despite the fact that it is playing a role too difficult for its powers, the work can give something like a convincing performance. Perhaps by now it has played the role so often that it has almost become the work whose place it has taken, perhaps the first movement can achieve real peace and breadth in that passage of the coda where Tovey found "some of the tenderest notes ever drawn from a violin," perhaps the mere sweetness of the slow movement has become the noble simplicity which, no doubt, Brahms intended. If any one could make the Brahms *Violin Concerto* a major work, a classic of its type, it would be Joseph Szgeti, the vigor and breadth of whose playing is unsurpassed by any violinist I have heard. Apart from a slight discrepancy between the styles of the orchestra and the violinist (the Philadelphia being rich and a little fat and Szgeti lean and muscular), the whole new Columbia set is more than admirable. Those who believe that the Brahms concerto belongs deservedly at the top of violin works (along with the Beethoven) will be confirmed in their taste; those who, like myself, are respectful but hesitant may have, at the least, their convinced moments. As for the movement from Brahms' *Third Violin Sonata* which fills up the extra side, Szgeti has done it better elsewhere and the recording is unsatisfactory.

Two Khatchaturian suites are among recent Columbia releases, the *Masquerade Suite* performed by Stokowski and the *Second Gayne Suite* by Efrem Kurtz. The orchestra in both sets is the New York Philharmonic. The *Masquerade Suite* is amusing to hear occasionally, but the other one struck me as pretty dull and, except for the first movement, without any of the catchiness which makes the *Masquerade Suite* popular. Stokowski's performance is more brilliant but Kurtz's is more clearly balanced in recorded sound.

RECORDS RECEIVED—(To be reviewed later).

Grieg: *Piano Concerto*, Op. 16; Oscar Levant, piano, with the Philharmonic Symphony of New York, Efrem Kurtz, conductor; Columbia Set D-211.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

16 Huntley Street

Toronto 5, Canada

Film Review

D. Mosdell

▶ NOTHING POINTS UP the deficiencies of American movies more effectively than a French import like *Les Enfants du Paradis*, or makes us feel more keenly that there is a gap in general culture and maturity between Europe and America far more difficult to bridge or close than any physical or economic distance; particularly when we realize that the three-hour, uncut version ran for two years in Paris, and scored a box-office success there comparable only to that of *Gone With The Wind* on this side of the Atlantic.

It seems that the French appreciate a picture in which adult emotions are presented and discussed, and which it is not necessary to shelve one's intelligence, experience, or standards of behaviour in order to appreciate and enjoy. The story itself, which is set at carnival time in nineteenth century Paris, is both melodramatic and romantic; it concerns Garance (played by Arletty), a beautiful and accessible actress of the Funambules, who is loved in turn by a cynical and philosophic crook, a casual and egocentric actor (Pierre Brasseur), an idealistic young mime (Jean-Louis Barrault), and a rich nobleman, who remarks that men do not love beauty, they merely pursue it, and who becomes her protector. Garance herself loves the mime, Baptiste, without understanding his temperament or his scruples, and loses him to his singularly unattractive but faithful wife. What is unusual and enormously satisfying about *Les Enfants du Paradis* is the richness and variety of its background, the impact of character on character, the complexity and power of the emotional tension, and the amazing competence of both Brasseur and Barrault, whose talents are almost equal and complementary. In the version which reached Canada, Barrault's role suffered least from cutting, and indeed his dancer's grace and the sweet sad countenance of his clown are unforgettable; but Brasseur is equally remarkable in a scene in which he is suddenly seized by jealousy, an emotion hitherto foreign to him, feels it keenly in his own person, then as an artist recognizes its usefulness, and proceeds to transfer it to his character as Othello, a role which he is at the moment studying. . . It is, in fact, impossible to satisfy the eye with one seeing of *Les Enfants du Paradis*; and I cannot remember any American film of which this can honestly be said.

Since the dog-days are upon us, we ought perhaps to turn back with a sigh to the contemplation of the local scene, and report that *Fury at Furnace Creek*, the latest vehicle for Victor Mature, is a good deal more distinguished than it sounds. Mature himself has learned a good deal about acting since the days when a handsome profile and a magnificent physique were about all he had to offer; and while watching his slow progression towards competence as an actor is a little like watching a pretty baby learning to walk and talk, there are some indications that he may develop into an intelligent, if limited, performer.

The Korda production of *Anna Karenina*, too, may serve to while away an intolerably hot evening; it may disturb you a little to find the actors so very Dickensian in appearance and speech; but Vivien Leigh is pretty and appealing enough as Anna, no expense has been spared to show how very snowy and rainy Russian winters and springs are, the tragic climax has been very well handled, and in some of the lines, particularly those of Ralph Richardson, who plays Anna's long-suffering husband, you may even fancy you detect a faint and far-off echo of the original Tolstoy story. . .

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor: I am afraid that we must discontinue taking *The Forum* this year—partly because of the rising cost of living and also because we feel that this is one of the papers we can do without. In a sense this is a very real criticism of *The Forum*, particularly the last two or three issues, that we find it interesting but not dynamic, a good striking article here and there but in general somewhat academic and with insufficient leadership for left wing thinkers. Perhaps I am wrong in assuming that *The Forum* has been trying to do the kind of job that *The New Statesman and Nation* has done so ably in England? However critical *The New Statesman* is, its political stand is always quite clear, it is a paper of encouragement, humor, criticism and direction for socialists and is valuable as such quite apart from its obvious literary merits. *The Forum* seems uncertain at times, as though it does not like to openly acknowledge what it surely should be there to do. I say 'should' because we already have plenty of interesting and informative magazines of the necessarily policy-less nature in Canada and we do not think *The Forum* belongs in these ranks. I would be interested to know what other readers think?

Barbara Cass-Beggs, Toronto, Canada.

The Editor: I have intended to renew my subscription. I like your magazine particularly because it gives the bum's rush to a lot of lousy articles which don't measure up. The only thing in this connection against which I must register disapproval is that only once in my life have I got a pension bonus which allows me to subscribe for a magazine I like without sending my wife and child out on the streets. Please find enclosed my cheque for \$5 and if I have missed any numbers I expect you to send them.

R.A.C., London, Ontario.

The Editor: Enclosed please find a check for three dollars for renewal of my subscription to *The Canadian Forum*.

I should like to take this opportunity to tell you how valuable I find your magazine. As Secretary of the American Institute of France as well as Secretary of the International Affairs Committee of the Socialist Party (U.S.A.) I find it necessary to keep in touch with monthlies and weeklies published in a dozen countries throughout the world. Among all these publications I have found none which is more informative than *The Canadian Forum* and very few which

can be compared with it in accuracy of information, style, and general newsworthiness, not to mention your interesting literary, musical, and art features. *The Canadian Forum* is, in every way, a fine magazine.

John L. Lewine, N.Y.C., N.Y., U.S.A.

Subscription Department: Please do not renew my subscription when it expires in December next. I have found many numbers spoiled by cheap witticisms, but I think you reached a new low in your June number when you headed a serious article on the increasing cost of funerals with the words "The Corpse is taken for a Ride" and gave it special prominence on the cover page. In any magazine it would be objectionable; it is especially so in *The Canadian Forum*, from which more is expected.

(Miss) E. Ewing, Montreal, P.Q.

The Editor: I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate you for turning out a very worth-while magazine in *The Canadian Forum*. I say this, first because the articles are usually well written, and there is both an independent and progressive approach to news on the Canadian and world scenes. Secondly, *The Forum* has other worth-while features of cultural value, such as book reviews, articles on radio, poems and so on. Hoping you will continue in and even add to the good work.

H. E. Mahood, Spring Coulee, Alberta.

The Editor: I am very sorry to discontinue my subscription but I cannot send money out of England.

J. D. Maryfield, Bussage, Glos., Eng.

The Editor: I marvel at what you do on a skeleton budget and will never cease saying that *The Forum* is as good as *The Nation* and *The New Republic* or any other magazine in the same class. I wish it came out weekly.

J. B. Crippen, Toronto, Canada.

The Editor: Owing to unavoidable circumstances I have to discontinue this magazine for the coming year. It has been enjoyed very much for the past years.

P.K., New Denver, B.C.

The Editor: I am renewing my subscription to your valued monthly for two more years. I am more pleased with the contents lately than for some time. I believe it can be further improved and made more popular amongst the less educated groups than it is at present. I enjoy very much the varied articles, the diversified views of the writers and the usual fair expressions on controversial subjects. *The Forum* is worthy of its name and I wish you every success in the coming years, years which should prove very interesting to all who have the intelligence to enjoy the growing freedom of the common people of the world.

G. H. E. Pogson, Toronto, Canada.

The Editor: Enclosed herewith is money order for \$5 which renews my subscription for another two years to the best magazine of its kind in North America.

R. A. McMath, Steveston, B.C.

THE TRUTH ABOUT UNIONS

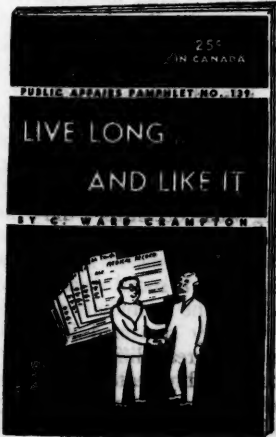
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"Darling Tim Buck"

W. G. Simpson

► A LARGE, GRAY CAT waits, with you and me, to be let into this house on a river-bank, in the very middle of the narrow ribbon which is populated Canada.

You agree, I think, that the building somehow manages the air of being a modest and retiring little mansion. Yet, at the head of the Great Lakes, in black letters twenty feet high, on the largest privately-owned grain elevator in the world, is painted the family name of our hostess for this evening.

Margaret Henderson is a very tall girl, and she looms above the tiny Leah Stone, whom she is quietly receiving in the hall. Notice the faint, ambiguous smile which perpetually hovers about her mouth. As she greets you, in turn, there flashes in her eye a gleam of interest or amusement. Perhaps, you think, "such a nice, shy girl, with a charming sense of humor"; or, perhaps, (with uneasy thought of crooked hat or tie): "Horrors! Can it be that she is privately amused by me?"

Margaret is a student at the university which, back in the early thirties, was built as a relief project out on the then hideously drought-ridden prairie. And this evening she is entertaining its English Club—now assembling to hear Dr. Ernst give a reading of his famous *Mary Jenkins*—in her mother's beautiful, green drawing-room.

Here and there about the room are crystal bowls of roses, brought from the private hothouse at the luscious height of their bloom. Perhaps because they recall by contrast that snow lies deep on the lawns outside, their beauty is offensive as too "poetic" verse is offensive. During the Wars of the Roses and in the eighteen-nineties, certain persons imposed something of their own character upon the red rose, the white rose and the innocent green carnation; but, now, these so-luxuriant blossoms seem to be giving of their quality to this company of rugged, Canadian intellectuals.

The impression deepens: Leah Stone lifts one of the heavy blooms and instantly becomes one with it—a little Dresden doll which has been molded, baked and enamelled with a huge, scarlet blossom held to its dainty nose. (Talk to her for a few moments, and discover that behind the doll's delicate, porcelain features is the intelligence of a tireless scholarship-winner.)

Now, quickly, before the speaker arrives, note the two poets whom we have with us this evening: Professor Loos, the dark gentleman with the unruly curls and the little moustache (with Canadian professors the writing of poetry is, of course, a habit—see "Contributors," any number of *Canadian Poetry*), and Beatrice, the girl he has just been talking to—no, no, she of the aggressive jaw and the long blonde hair. Her poetry—sternly Canadian stuff filled with drifting topsoil, drought-broken farmers and tubercular Indians—has been the more widely published. Dr. Loos writes with images like "shrill cultural flesh" and "fat, black wind," which are related to the Thomist view of sense experience. As a devout Neo-Thomist, all he really cares to talk about at English Club meetings is the need for a literary return to a theological foundation; while Beatrice wishes only to express her desire for greater social consciousness in poetry. So, as usual, they have discovered that they have nothing to say to one another, and Professor Loos has turned to the neighbor on his other side.

We can see him noting with amusement how Alistair Moore gazes over at the charming Dresden doll with a rapt

expression on his face—the face of a sweet, but very tired, young girl. The eye of each falls upon the empty place at Leah's side, and Dr. Loos is surely about to urge Alistair to move there at once. But a bell is ringing in the distance: we all direct our attention toward the door.

The speaker, at last!

No. It is only Newman Smythe. The darling of the Dramatic Society has timed his entrance perfectly, as usual. First, he flashes over to his hostess and spreads his charm, like butter, upon her. (His fierce profile suggests a Mohawk; brave; his low voice is like black velvet.) Recently, as in a group they passed a gate leading to this house, she has murmured discreetly, "I think I'll just slip in this way"; and Newman, completely failing to connect the shabby, quiet-mannered girl with the Henderson fortune—Newman who above all things cannot bear to make a social blunder—has cried in amazement, "But this is the Hendersons!" Did she grasp the significance? Smiling faintly, Margaret lifts her head, and the unfailing gleam appears for an instant in her eye. Only by the slight withdrawal of his body can we see how, behind his imperturbable mask, Newman's spirit writhes.

Now, he has taken the place beside the exquisite little doll and is shedding upon her the full effulgence of his smile. Leah, all delight, confides some little joke or other, wrinkling her nose deliciously. The rich, dark tones of Newman's laughter rise so clearly that all eyes are turned curiously upon the pair.

Thus, auspiciously, with laughter a delicate thunder upon his right, Dr. Ernst finally makes his appearance. Professor Miller, the wooden-mannered head of the English Department, steers him about the single circle of his audience, effecting introductions in his wooden-mannered way. Arriving at Alistair, Dr. Ernst turns and inquires petulantly, "Is he really expected to remember all these names?" Alistair, who is of an astonishingly sensitive—and even hysterical—temperament, reseats himself so abruptly that his chair bangs back against the huge grand piano. Professor Miller casts a furious glance upon him, but Dr. Ernst seems too preoccupied to notice.

He is all agitation until he is explaining how, at first, he had allowed it to be thought that his comic creation, Mary Jenkins, was actually a poetess whom all Saskatchewan has taken to its flat bosom. Indeed, when some of his funniest "Mary" poems were read over the air, with a reference to her as "the poet laureate of Saskatchewan," a woman had written in saying that Mary Jenkins couldn't be that because Ella Wilcox was. There is considerable laughter.

However, since Dr. Ernst's study of Mary and her works is to be published shortly, we can read it later for ourselves. At the moment, let us take this opportunity of examining our charming surroundings. (Note, for example, the Arthur Lismer of smoky blue hills, above the mantel.)

We have time—oh, lots and lots of time—because Dr. Ernst's anxiety to begin was justified; although extremely amusing, his reading not only scarcely appeals to these would-be seekers of the intellectual eidelweiss: it is very, very long. Newman's gaze, also, begins to wander about. (We can observe him wondering what decorator "did" the room.) Even the Dresden doll, beside him, stifles the most delicate of yawns. Alas, no one seems to notice how restive Alistair is becoming. How near is social disaster! As he fingers the hard back of his chair, he is obviously noting that, although his spine was recently shattered in a fall from a horse and reconstructed with great difficulty, everyone else has been much more comfortably seated. Dr. Loos lights a cigarette without offering him one, and it is really too much. In a moment, he will shout hysterically, I hate you! I hate you all! and rush sobbing from the room.

But Dr. Ernst's omens were auspicious. Just in time, he stops. Our hostess rises and, opening an almost invisible door, reveals a supper-laden buffet and the blazing hearth in the dining-room.

"Isn't it charming?" murmurs the little doll, to Newman, in the doorway—"an open fire in every room."

Newman, however, has caught sight of higher numen: our poetess is already giving of her social-poetic doctrine to a little group of acolytes, holding high their coffee cups like lamps with holy oil.

"Beatrice, darling!" he cries ecstatically. "You do the most incredible things to me in that dress."

Beatrice, pretending to be annoyed, tells him not to be frivolous.

"What did you think of Tim Buck's speech on the campus, yesterday?" she inquires with an unpleasant smile. "Didn't you once tell me that you were pretty much of a socialist, yourself? Yet, you looked awfully bored to me."

"Well, you know what the hubbub was like. When he couldn't even finish his talk . . ." Newman's dark voice trails feebly off; but he rallies at once and turning to Alistair requests his opinion, with a dazzling smile.

Alistair, all eyes upon him, writhes with embarrassment.

Perhaps our hostess' smile indicates shyness, after all, and she has recognized a fellow-sufferer, for she breaks in warmly, "Would he like to meet Tim Buck? He lives here, you know. He has lived here for years."

We are all frankly incredulous and hasten to follow the two from the room. In an upper hall, Alistair is introduced, first; then, with a wave of the hand: "Tim Buck." The large, gray cat which waited with us on the doorstep rolls onto his back in the deep carpet, and snarls with half-hearted ferocity, snarls less fiercely and, as Alistair begins to stroke him, purrs happily.

"Well, Tim. Very rude to you, yesterday, weren't they?"

"Very rude, indeed," agrees Margaret.

As they are returning into the dining-room, a few minutes later, someone who has already met him laughs and calls out, "Darling Tim Buck!" Alistair, made unusually self-conscious by so much attention, retires into the drawing-room; only to discover that the lovely doll is almost alone there, staring intently at the painting above the mantel-place. Daringly, he draws near.

"I wonder who the painter is," Leah murmurs in her enchantingly sweet little voice. Alistair reluctantly admits that he does not know. From his expression, it would seem that his ignorance is infinitely more than he can bear.

Professor Miller, returning to the room with Dr. Loos, can be heard stiffly confessing: "Oh, yes, the Jenkins thing is funny enough if you haven't heard it a dozen times before; but, frankly, for me it's become nothing short of an endurance test." And we can appreciate the fact that, after all, the wooden Professor Miller is not a man of iron.

But a chorus of Goodnights is beginning in the hall; and we, too, must leave this house on a river-bank, in the very middle of the narrow ribbon which is populated Canada. The little Dresden doll is already disappearing along the drive with Newman of the flashing smile. He is gesticulating wildly to indicate someone's helpless confusion, and her rewarding laughter tinkles faintly through the night. The young man with the face of a sweet, but very tired, young girl is nowhere to be seen. At the last moment, Tim Buck twists out between the legs of the departing guests and slinks along the driveway, turning his head back with an iniquitous air, for all the world as if bound upon an erotic errand. But, of course, the behavior of an unemasculated tomcat ill becomes the order of a well-regulated household, and he has long since "been taken care of."

Clouds

Out of the storm's mouth
the white clouds move out,
they slowly turn
like hills of clouded ice
or winter glass before our eyes.
Under their shadows burn
battered buildings ashamed,
tenements under East River
under a project of new homes;
the flapping fringes of the city
cower and cover their knees and bones.
But the clouds are not sad
on this account. Can it be that,
somewhere, they see beyond
mountains and green lands?
They move like the Greek philosophers,
wreathed in smiles,
as if the knowledge of love
and timeless peace made them mild.

Louis Dudek.

Defence Counsel

Who sings the wild blue thistle?
He called the wind by name,
The wind could not recapture
That floating purple flame.

Who sings of sharpened sabres?
What colors strike the eye
With violence and beauty!
Who saw the summer die?

Who sings the wild blue thistle?
Has he no advocate
To plead before the judges,
While carrier winds await?

I sing the wild blue thistle
Because I knew him then,
Before my toys were broken,
Before I walked with men.

I sing the wild blue thistle,
And plead before his peers,
Because he taught me laughter
Before I learned of tears.

Alfred W. Purdy.

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Identity

Why should the sunsets flame so bright for me,
My agonies so poignant and the pain so wild?
Did someone alter centuries to suit his needs,
And change the rush of years to suit a child?

My universe is ranged by faces, framed by towns,
And lit by stars at night, and far-off planets shine;
Your dreams are cold, remote with reasoning secure,
Your universe has one face different—mine.

The streets are thronged at noon and bare with midnight past,
Another street these strangers walk and know,
A thousand, thousand streets I never saw or dreamed,
With vivid lights where only they can go.

The merging crowds are here and co-existent space,
These travellers that strange dimensions crossed
To find a wall of faces like a shifting sea
Where sometime kindred eyes are glimpsed and lost.

The grass is cool against my back, with flying ships
Precisely balanced where the near stars burn;
I wonder who is going out or coming back,
And when I too shall go and not return.

Alfred W. Purdy.

Druids

The spring drew near and loosed a golden sound
Beneath the sonic range of human ears,
But certain people smiled and looked around,
With smoke abroad from hidden musketeers.
A bus was wrecked, the driver lost his job,
The milk was late, the coffee stale and flat,
Machinery that lived to hum and throb
Was muted like an old unhappy cat.
Aware of wings, the workers held their stools,
And hurried home directly to their wives,
Unrest was in the monkey's molecules,
The biped twitching while the bear revives.
The world went back to bed, and when it woke
The priests were gone but ivy twined the oak.

Alfred W. Purdy.

Reaction

When all my debts are great debts,
And all I have around
Are bills to light the fire now,
And an old tired hound.

When all my sins are great sins,
And none will take me in—
Then I will laugh a great laugh,
And grin a wicked grin.

And all the roads go forward now,
Where once they all came back;
And I will tear the rainbows down
For what my debtors lack.

Then I will go and glad now,
The elders stay instead,
And all my dreams, my great dreams
Are whispering ahead.

Alfred W. Purdy.

Upstate Tourism

Upstate in New York
they hang rambling roses on their porches,
blankets and red rugs of them;
farther, streets of red strawberries will greet you,
hills of apples, plums, grapes, cherries
in speckled orchards
(though the brown fields lie fallow,
famous for their rocks)
and you will be aware of daisies
blowing across the fields, and the smell of clover
and buttercups . . . cricket sounds in the air . . .
and waves of shadow that the white clouds make
running over the round hills.

But if one is struck amid the generosity of nature
by the growing insanity apparent in the villages,
rust around the canneries, and the shambles the Joads left,
old pails, and lean-to outhouses,
or by the factory of some big corporation
exploding its whistle into the country air;
or the town side-streets falling away
with a clatter of ash-cans
like the tail on a "Just Married" car;
or a crumbling doorstep where
mysteriously sits a new ragged generation—
bits of flesh torn from their fathers—chewing their hands.
Oh, there is still an elm somewhere against the clouds,
a distant barn, or a steeple
hard as a stone against the sky, to look at!
They will meet the tourist's eyes with a promise of plenty
if he should be cooled by the cold wind
or the evidence of a struggle there for survival.

Louis Dudek.

Childhood

I could hear its melody coursing through my brain.
But when I tried to sing
The notes went sharp and flat;
And when I looked again
The figures on the walls were shivering
Like patterns under glass.

Vaguely, as though I dreamt within a dream,
I saw myself in green-clad time
With music round about me.
I had asked no questions of it then,
But let it speak unchecked, in tones that rolled
Upon the air and gave it substance.

Now that I hunted with a wide-meshed net
The brilliant creatures, wraith-like,
Fell like dull and leaden moths.
Yet somewhere in that hall of light and shadows
Trembled an unschooled pipe,
Bringing the breath of pastures,
Sunlit, into the long-eared room.

Or had someone left an open window?
I searched the corridors for sound,
From siren shapes that danced before tall mirrors;
But they sang me no song.
Perhaps they waited for Ulysses.
And there were Lamiae that spoke in colors.

And woven tapestries that told of everything
Having no voice.
Would there never be music again?

Geoffrey Drayton.

TURNING NEW LEAVES

► I DOUBT if anyone to date has done as good a job on the Canadian family as has the Canadian Youth Commission in its *Youth, Marriage and the Family**. This book ties together so many aspects of our living as members of families—personal relationships, jobs, health, education, social security, recreation—in so neat a fashion, with so little vagueness and such nice balance, that I can think of no one who would not find it valuable as an ordering of his own scattered experiences. It should be important to everyone interested in family life—parents, social workers, doctors, teachers, clergy, governments. If, as the Youth Commission maintains, “upon the stability of the family, more than on anything else, the welfare of the nation depends,” there is no one for whom this book has not something to say. If one believes, on the other hand, that society or “the nation” exists to make family life possible with its rich personal relationships, there are few who will not be interested to discover in what way society could do a better job.

The book is divided into four parts. Part I begins with a sociological analysis of the Canadian family's changing organization and functions under the impact of urban industrialization (a piece of extremely interesting research), and ends with a warm appreciation of what the war has done to the Canadian family, illustrating with the direct words of many of those affected. Part II gives young people themselves a chance to say what they think about family life, using 170 personal interviews and 83 briefs submitted by youth groups. Part III is the core of the book, outlining clearly the needs of the family, how they are being met, where we fail and why, what can be done to improve family living and who best can do it. In this section the reader benefits from the knowledge and experience of specialists in all fields of family life. Part IV actually sums up Part III in presenting its list of recommendations to various organizations—governments, educational authorities, churches, welfare organizations, libraries, the press, etc. No one, on finishing the book, can leave it in a hazy state of mind: the Canadian Youth Commission is never vague, unrealistic, or uninformed.

In the introduction to the book there is set forth clearly the conditions considered necessary for sound family life: sufficient income to provide food, clothing, recreation, adequate housing, health services, good family relationships and attitudes, participation in the life of the community, and opportunity for religious development. The late Archbishop Temple, presenting his view of the Christian social order, gives an almost identical picture of the basic needs of individuals. By and large perhaps we all know these needs; our difficulty is in knowing how to go about securing them. With two-thirds of the male heads of urban families earning less than \$1,500 a year (1941), how do we secure adequate income? With 31 per cent of the city houses substandard (1941) and over a million city people living in overcrowded quarters, how do we get enough houses? With one doctor to every 968 of Canada's population (not to mention the dearth of psychiatrists), one dentist to every 2,729, and people unable to afford medical care, how do we provide decent health services? With teachers inadequately paid and not always suitable for their job, with classes too large and the maladjusted child too often regarded as “bad” or a nuisance, how do we educate? The Youth Commission suggests answers. They are well worth considering.

Finally, there is the key problem of family relationships, the crucial question of how to develop good parents. So

*YOUTH, MARRIAGE AND THE FAMILY, A Canadian Youth Commission Report: Ryerson; pp. 234; \$2.00.

many of us want to be good parents; so many of us don't know how, or are too emotionally confused to be so. We begin by finding out what contributes to the emotional development of children. The authors of the book note with some satisfaction that the attitudes young people themselves most appreciate in their parents are very similar to what “educators, psychologists and psychiatrists agree are essential if children are to develop a sense of emotional security.”

One does not read the section where young people talk about their homes without considerable feeling. “In the main, apart from the wish for greater financial security for themselves, the plea of youth is for more understanding and affection from parents as well as for greater freedom to express their own views and to manage their own affairs.” Throughout this book appears the necessity for warm human relationships, for attitudes of respect, interest, sympathy, and trust, within the four walls of the home. Nevertheless, these do not always happen easily, and where relationships and attitudes are poor they set up a chain of sad results. Where to begin to change these? *Youth, Marriage and the Family* has this to say:

“If the vicious circle of immature parents producing socially maladjusted children, who in turn prove to be inadequate fathers and mothers, is to be broken, the community through its schools and social agencies must assume a greater measure of responsibility for the emotional development of children.”

It still remains true, however, that someone has to support the efforts of the schools and social agencies, and often to arouse them to action. The Youth Commission presents a clear picture in this book of what *can* be done; interested individuals—the readers of this book?—can see that it is done.

VIOLET ANDERSON.

BOOKS REVIEWED

THE CANADIAN ARMY: Colonel C. P. Stacey; King's Printer; pp. 354; \$2.50.

The professed object of Colonel Stacey's book is to present an interim report or brief summary of the activities of the Canadian Army in the late war. The official history will, it is hoped, be completed by the autumn of 1950. What is presented in this volume is an outline of events overseas—particularly those of the battlefield. The narrative is derived from the reports of the Field Historical Sections which accompanied the troops in the main theatres of operations and from the regimental war diaries. Details of administration—that mare's-nest of the staff officer—have been omitted.

It is inevitable that the work of the military historian should smell considerably more of the lamp than of the field. His only consolation—if there is one—must be that he can reproduce the outstanding characteristics of a campaign and the temper of the combatants. Colonel Stacey seeks to do this, not without success, by skilfully presenting material both from the directives of commanders and from the unit diaries against a descriptive background of strategic dispositions. Limited space has forced him to choose those details which are most suggestive and significant, but this does not mean that his account is incomplete. The Dieppe raid, for example, is treated more comprehensively than other episodes both because of the greater amount of material now available and because of its effect on subsequent operations.

The account of the campaign in North-West Europe from the invasion of the continent to the closing of the Falaise Gap illustrates admirably the advantages of historical

perspective. Here and elsewhere in the book the enemy's point of view is examined and the difficulties arising from a conflict between political power and professional orthodoxy emerge. In marked contrast stands the achievement of the Canadian citizen soldier, but the civilian reader for whom the author writes is made aware of the intensive training required before such an achievement is possible. In one respect, however, Colonel Stacey has failed completely and that is in reproducing for his reader that sense of boredom which forms so insistent and wearisome a part of modern war.

P.F.F.

THE METAPHYSICAL SOCIETY: VICTORIAN MINDS IN CRISIS, 1869-1880: Alan Willard Brown; Columbia University Press; pp. xvii, 372; \$4.50.

The Metaphysical Society was founded in 1869, chiefly through the efforts of James Knowles, the editor of the *Contemporary Review* and later the founder and editor of the *Nineteenth Century*. It was a group of some of the most eminent of the Christian believers and of the rationalists and agnostic scientists of that generation in England. They met together to try and find some common ground in that critical period when the acids of nineteenth-century liberalism and science were dissolving the old orthodox faith of educated Englishmen. The members included Cardinal Manning, Dean Stanley, W. G. Ward, James Martineau, Henry Sidgwick, R. H. Hutton, J. A. Froude, Tennyson, Ruskin, Gladstone, Lord Selborne, Huxley, Tyndall, Walter Bagehot, Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, Croom Robertson, Frederic Harrison, F. D. Maurice, John Morley, Leslie Stephen and Frederick Pollock. The Club petered out in 1880. Some of its younger members did not think much of it. "An illustrious little club which first confuses itself with a bad dinner and then makes confusion worse confounded by bad metaphysics," said Morley. It did not include such illustrious contemporaries as Mill, Carlyle, Newman, Spencer or Arnold. But it had sixty-two members in all during the decade and it held ninety-six meetings.

Mr. Brown has succeeded in making up an almost complete list of these meetings and of the papers read at them. Ten of the members were editors, and most of the papers found publication eventually in one or other of the periodicals edited by them, especially in Knowles's two journals. Mr. Brown provides a very attractive account of the members and their subjects of discussion. In the end their discussions led only to an agreement to disagree; but, as he points out, the Club is a notable symbol of that liberal faith in discussion which is the finest thing about the nineteenth century. Some of the last chapters, in which the author analyzes the issues of the day and their relation to our own age, seem rather discursive. But anyone interested in the intellectual history of the later nineteenth century will find this volume stimulating and altogether delightful.

F.H.U.

THE GREAT MACKENZIE: text by Raymond Arthur Davies, photographs by George Zuckerman; Ryerson; pp. 139; \$3.50.

It is usual to feature the writer of a book and only incidentally to mention the illustrator, but with this book the procedure should be reversed. It consists of a collection of superb photographs depicting the great Mackenzie River, the Canadian Mississippi, from the end of steel on its most southerly tributary, the Athabaska, to Aklavik, where it discharges into the Arctic Ocean. These photographs were taken by George Zuckerman and no further evidence is needed to establish him as a master craftsman.

The text, by Raymond Arthur Davies, author of *Arctic Eldorado*, must take second place to the photographs, since the greater part of it consists of rather extended captions

to the pictures. Davies nevertheless manages to cram a good deal of information into the limited space at his disposal; but since the pictures speak so eloquently of the greatness of the river and depict the life of its people so vividly, this is perhaps one occasion when the author might very well take second place to the photographer.

The Ryerson Press has made a good job of the book, the photographs have apparently suffered very little in reproduction; and since many people are more impressed by pictures than by the written word, it should help to awaken Canadians to the great land with which, whether they like it or not, whether they know it or not, their future is so inevitably linked.

D. M. LeBourdais.

COMMUNISM AND THE CONSCIENCE OF THE WEST: Fulton J. Sheen; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 247; \$3.00.

This is a slick, up-to-the-minute, streamlined, cellophane-wrapped version of the Christian case against liberalism and communism, turned out for the most fashionable Waldorf Astoria - Saks Fifth Avenue American clientele. It was Monsignor Sheen, wasn't it, who converted Clare Luce to Catholicism? And this is a book for the Clare Luce of America. The author is well-read in all the recent literature of Christian philosophers, Protestant as well as Catholic; and he uses it effectively, like the skilled polemical writer that he is. But the phrases which in a Niebuhr or a Toynbee or a Maritain are profoundly moving become here just glib jargon in the mouth of a practiced debater. His main points are strong ones—that communism springs out of the secular and materialist humanism of the last four centuries ("Communism is related to our materialistic western civilization as putrefaction is to disease"), and that the Christian basis of modern liberal ethics is much more important than most liberals have been willing to recognize ("Historic liberalism is a parasite of a Christian civilization"). But his picture of liberalism is a vulgar caricature; and the skeptical non-Catholic reader will remain doubtful to the end whether the author's real enemy is not this liberalism rather than the communism which forms part of the title of the book—for communism is not really a very pressing danger in Manhattan. As in most productions of polemical Christianity, there is little evidence here of the humble and contrite heart which some people would think the essential test of a man's Christian faith. In fact the Christianity that reveals itself in his book has as much arrogant self-assurance, as much hubris, as ever emanated from Renaissance humanists or eighteenth-century *philosophes* or nineteenth-century scientists.

F.H.U.

CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY: Alan Paton; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Scribners); pp. 278; \$3.50.

The author of this first, widely acclaimed novel directs a well-known reformatory for South African native youths at Diepkloof, just outside Johannesburg. He came from Natal and his description of the vast tranquillity of that rich province and of the Zulus who live there is completely authentic. And few people know better than Alan Paton what happens when the African is uprooted from his traditional peasant background.

The story concerns a Zulu named Kumalo in search of his lost kinsfolk through Johannesburg's confusion, typical of any native casting about for direction in white society. Told in a restrained slow-moving way, the semi-symbolic language in itself reveals the nature of the Bantu people.

Following the old man in his heart-breaking search, the reader experiences the social conflict at first hand, the indifference of most whites to basic human needs, the patient resignation of some Bantu, the moral disintegration of others in the stark squatter areas around the gold mines of Wit-

watersrand—the "Ridge of White Waters," on which Johannesburg is built. The story's tone of fatalism is climaxed in tragic coincidence, the killing of a white man devoted to the native cause by Kumalo's own hapless son.

Paton's sub-title, "The Story of Comfort in Desolation," which applies especially toward the end, sums up his own faith in the healing that comes through work for others, and in the technique of step-by-step persistence in doing it, despite bitter frustrations. *N. McC.*

THE WOUNDED PRINCE AND OTHER POEMS:

Douglas Le Pan; Oxford; pp. 39; \$1.50.

Mr. Le Pan, a Canadian writing in England, employs in a number of his poems the landscape and history of his native country; but in the depth and obscurity of his images, the delicate changes of his diction and the texture of his verse-patterns he shows the effects of an European schooling. There are rewards in this book for a variety of readers. Many will enjoy the simpler poems, such as "Canoe-Trip," which concludes:

We think of the eagles, of the fawns at the river bend,
The storms, the sudden sun, the clouds sheered downwards.

O so to move! With such immaculate decision!

O so proudly as waterfalls curling like cumulus.

Others will blow the petals back from Mr. Le Pan's more convolved images, seeking the centre. All his readers who themselves write verse will scan with care the articulations of his structure and the modulations of his rhythm, sensing the work of a craftsman.

We ask for more. This is not a first book in the sense of a callow utterance but it is clearly preparatory to work in which sensitive responses to the beauty and pain of life, to struggle and hopeful achievement, will attain a formal utterance more sure and more resonant, more harmonious and memorable. For this reader Mr. Le Pan's next book cannot come too soon. *Roy Daniells.*

HOW TO STOP THE RUSSIANS WITHOUT WAR; Fritz Sternberg; Longmans, Green; pp. vii, 146; \$2.50.

The argument of this little book is that the U.S.A. cannot defeat the U.S.S.R. in war except at the cost of barbarizing most of the world; and that to stop the Russians by other means, the billion and a half people in Europe and Asia who live between the two great powers must be won to the American side by an American policy that is more progressive than the Russian. In Asia this means support of the social revolution that is freeing the peasant from feudalism, and in Europe it means support of social-democratic forces in the

sixteen western countries. This seems sound enough; but the author exaggerates the vitality of social democracy in western Europe and also the collapse of the middle classes. Since the book is a highly over-simplified analysis—it is not a distortion of the facts—it would be more effective if boiled down to the size of a pamphlet; it contains too much repetition in its present form. *F.H.U.*

MARINER DANCES: P. H. Newby; Clarke, Irwin (Jonathan Cape); pp. 223; \$2.25.

Mariner Dances is a story of the antics ('dances') of Mariner, a confused, naive, and helpless creature who leaves his wife to run off with a French girl, Mary, but being faced with her illness naturally plays Wimpy to his friends—first to the narrator of the novel, a very forbearing school-teacher, and then to the latter's family whose principal members are the father, a distinguished representative of English, rustic, and middle-class stock, and Gladys, a cripple. Gladys introduces an additional complication: she was crippled by our narrator who thereby feels responsible for marrying her off; but his unsuccessful attempts in this direction only cause her to run away with Mary, who by now is aware of the perfidy of Mariner. All are finally reconciled, but only after the two women take complete charge of the situation.

On the whole the story is not very exciting, and in parts tends to become as bracing as *A Quiet Weekend*. Yet the novel intends to be no more than a domestic novel with psychological leanings; though it is closer to the Jane Austen tradition than it is to D. H. Lawrence. For this reason the author is at his best in the description of the internal drama in the narrator's family, and especially in the characterization of the father who waits irritably for death. The style is subdued, only occasionally lapsing into "fine" writing. *A. C. Hamilton.*

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